

By Sidney Low.

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Seventh Series {
Volume XV.

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXXXIII.

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FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCXXXIII.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CECIL RHODES.

The personality of Cecil Rhodes can best be revealed, if at all, by the few intimate friends who knew him well through the changes of his varied career; his actions and his place in history can be more impartially discussed by those who are entirely free from the curious attraction he exercised over all who came, for however brief a space, within the orbit of his personal influence. I have no title to speak of him in either capacity. But it happened to me, as no doubt it happened to many others, to enjoy several lengthy and rather confidential conversations with Rhodes in the course of his frequent visits to London during the last few years of his life. He left upon my mind, from the very beginning of our limited intercourse, a definite impression, which deepened each time I talked with him. And as it chanced that our conversations turned on large subjects, and were in some cases held at critical periods of his fortunes, my recollections may be worth giving, scanty and fragmentary as they necessarily are.

My first interview with Rhodes dates back nearly ten years. It occurred on the 10th of December, 1892. Up to that time the managing director of the Chartered Company had been to me a vague, and not altogether a sympa-

thetic, figure. I had followed South African affairs with some attention, and I was far from enthusiastic over the methods and constitution of Mr. Rhodes's Company. I recognized the importance of keeping open the road from Cape Colony to the north, and was prepared to admit that the countries of the Matabele and the Mashona should be placed within the British sphere of influence, if only to exclude the possibility of foreign interference. But I held that if the work of conquest or annexation were worth doing, it should be done directly, with a full assumption of responsibility, by the Imperial Government itself. The delegation of the duty to a body of private adventurers, aiming primarily at their own profit, seemed to me a doubtful expedient; and the Chartered Company, with its mixture of high politics and Stock Exchange speculation, I regarded with some distrust. What I could gather of the financial arrangements of the concern did not increase my confidence; and I felt that to hand over a vast territory, containing a large native population, and marching with the frontiers of foreign States and colonies, to this characteristically modern version of the East India or the Hudson's Bay Company was a hazardous proceeding. At any rate, I did not think

that such a corporation should be allowed such extensive political powers and almost sovereign prerogatives, with the right to maintain and control a considerable armed force. These views I expressed in a London newspaper, the "St. James's Gazette," of which I was then editor. Rhodes had his attention drawn to my articles. At all times he was extremely sensitive to the criticism of the Press. I remember calling upon him some years afterwards, when he was at the very height of his influence and popularity before the temporary eclipse of 1896. To my surprise I found the lion of the *salons* and idol of the pavement in a very bad temper, smarting under the sense that he was not properly appreciated in England. I endeavored to point out that this was an error, and that, in fact, he had been praised and flattered almost to excess. Rhodes was not mollified. "Look at your newspapers!" he exclaimed. "See what 'Truth' says about me, and the 'Daily Chronicle.'" The attacks of these two journals clearly outweighed, in Rhodes's mind, the chorus of enthusiastic approval with which he was acclaimed by almost all the rest of the English Press.

To return to my first interview. It happened, shortly before the date mentioned, to meet a person much interested in the Chartered enterprise, who attempted, not very successfully, to convert me to a more favorable opinion of the project. He urged me to see Rhodes, and arranged a meeting. At the appointed time I presented myself at the Burlington Hotel. My credentials were duly passed by some members of the little court of secretaries and retainers, whom Rhodes always had about him. He was simple enough in his personal habits, but there was something regal in his dependence upon his suite. He required his trusted favorites and henchmen to be constantly at hand, and he could scarcely

write a letter without the assistance of one or other member of his private Cabinet. Eventually I found myself at the end of a large room, in front of a large man, standing before a large fire. Size was the first external impression you received of Cecil Rhodes. In whatever company you met him he seemed the biggest man present. Yet, though tall and broadly built, his stature was not really phenomenal; but there was something in the leonine head, and the massive, loose pose, which raised him to heroic proportions. He received me with a cordial smile and an invitation to sit down in one of the two comfortable arm-chairs, which flanked the fireplace. After a question or two to break the ice, he began to talk, and he went on for an hour almost without intermission. Sometimes I put in a word or two to open the points, and switch him from one track to another; but in the main it was a monologue by Rhodes, or perhaps I should say a lecture on the future of South Africa. As he sat up in his crumpled tweed suit, with his left foot twisted round his right ankle, I lay back in my arm-chair and listened, amazed and fascinated, while the rapid sentences poured out of the broad chest in curiously high notes, that occasionally rose almost to a falsetto. Rhodes's voice was peculiar. It was uneven and apparently under no control. Sometimes it would descend abruptly, but as a rule when he was moved it reached the upper part of the register in odd, jerky transitions. But if it had been full of music and resonance it could have had no more effect upon the listener. I never heard Rhodes make a speech in public, and I am told he was no orator. But a talker he was, of almost more compelling potency than any one it has been my lot to hear. Readiness, quickness, an amazing argumentative plausibility, were his; illustrations and suggestions were touched

off with a rough, happy humor of phrase and metaphor; he countered difficulties with a Johnsonian ingenuity; and if you sometimes thought you had planted a solid shot into his defences, he turned and overwhelmed you with a sweeping Maxim-fire of generalization. Yet in all the intellectual accomplishments of conversation and debate he was inferior to many men one has known. Wittier talkers, more brilliant, far better read, infinitely closer and more logical in argument, it would be easy to name. But these men produced no such impression as Rhodes. It was the personality behind the voice that drove home the words—the restless vivid soul, that set the big body fidgeting in nervous movements, the imaginative mysticism, the absorbing egotism of the man with great ideas, and the unconscious dramatic instinct, that appealed to the sympathies of the hearer. One must add a smile of singular and most persuasive charm. It would break over the stern brickdust-colored face like the sun on a granite hill, and gave to the large features and the great gray eyes a feminine sweetness that was irresistible. I once asked a lady, who has known intimately all the remarkable men of our generation—all the statesmen, soldiers, orators, wits, authors and courtiers—to tell me which of the brilliant throng had most impressed her with the force and vigor of his personality. She named first a certain famous and tragic figure, now no more, and next to him she placed Cecil Rhodes. Many others have said the same thing. Rhodes could conquer hearts as effectually as any beauty that ever set herself to subjugate mankind. From the drawing-rooms of Park Lane to the caves of the Matoppo Hills he was equally successful. The man who could persuade persons so little alike as, say, Barney Barnato and Mr. Stead, as Lord Rothschild and Mr. Hofmeyr, must assuredly have had a

most unusual power of evoking sympathy.

The causes of this influence are not easy to analyze. I came away from my first interview with Rhodes rather fascinated than convinced. It was the character more than the mind one admired. Then, and subsequently, it seemed to me that Rhodes's weakness was on the intellectual side. He was not a clear reckoner or a close thinker, but rather—so he himself admitted—a dreamer of dreams, vague, mighty, somewhat impalpable. Nor did it seem to me that he was an originator of ideas, but one who took up the conceptions of others, expanded them, dwelt upon them, advertised them to the world in his grandiloquent fashion, made them his own. Of late years he has been taken as the typical Imperialist. But in 1892 he seemed to me not an Imperialist at all, in the sense in which we then understood the term. He had risen to power at the Cape, it must be remembered, as the opponent of direct Imperial rule, and of all that was known at "Downing Street." His alliance with the Afrikander Bond was based on joint antipathy against the Colonial Office. When he talked of eliminating the Imperial factor he may have used a casual phrase, with no very precise meaning; but in fact that was what he wanted, though of course he did not mean to eliminate the British flag as well. His ideal was South Africa for the Afrikanders *utriusque juris*. Colonists of both races were to be worked together and federated to form an Afrikander nation, just as the Australians have formed an Australian, and the people of the Dominion a Canadian, nation. To some of us in 1892 the notion of bringing about this result by means of the Dutch, whose hostility to England and the English was well known, seemed dangerous. I asked Mr. Rhodes if the end would not be a

secession and the conversion of the Federation to an independent Republic. "Are you going to be the Bismarck or the Washington of South Africa?" I said. Rhodes had his full share of vanity, and was delighted at being linked with these great names; but he hesitated, in order to ponder the question, and then replied with much seriousness, "Oh, Bismarck for choice of course." I suggested that his alliance with the Dutch Nationalists might really involve a danger of separation. He denied it emphatically. He said that he had joined Mr. Hofmeyr, in order to bring the Dutch into Cape constitutional politics and to prepare the way for a United South Africa, able to manage its own affairs, which it had a perfect right to do. "You people at home," he said, "don't understand us." But he laughed at the notion of secession, and he declared that neither Hofmeyr nor any other Dutchman would really want to get rid of English supremacy. "We must have the British Navy behind us," he said, "to keep away foreigners. We all know that." I said that this seemed a little like the idea of some of the Irish Home Rulers. He rose to the hint at once: "Yes, and that is why I subscribed money to the Nationalist funds. My notion is that Ireland, like every other portion of the Empire which has a distinct identity should be allowed complete control of its internal government. But there must be representation in the Imperial Parliament; and in time, I suppose, we shall have colonial delegates there too, and so gradually work round to a complete federal system." It appeared to me that his liking for provincial and local autonomy was largely based on a mistrust of the methods of the central authority, and, indeed, of the insular Briton generally. On this occasion and subsequently I heard him speak with a certain contempt of the home-staying Englishman. Rhodes sometimes spoke

of England and the English with that kind of irritation which many energetic colonists and Americans feel for this comfortable old country, with its innate conservatism, its arrogant belief in itself, its indifference to new ideas, and its absorption in controversies which, to the pushing new man from beyond the seas, seem time-worn and threadbare. Mr. Kipling's line "What do they know of England who only England know?" had not been written at the date of my first meeting with Mr. Rhodes; but the sentiment it conveyed was shared by him to the full. He thought of the British Isles as a few crowded specks of European territory, whose swarming millions should be given room for expansion in the vacant lands of the ampler continents. He was possessed—I had almost said obsessed—by the fear that if we neglected our chances, they would be taken from us by others, and the English people would be throttled for lack of breathing-space. This work seemed to him of such paramount importance that everything else in politics sank into insignificance beside it. He believed sincerely that the service he had rendered the nation by securing Rhodesia as a field for British colonization could hardly be over-estimated, and he was astonished that the public took the gigantic benefaction so calmly. He would sometimes speak bitterly of the indifference, as he conceived it, of the Press and the electorate to the larger issues in which he was absorbed. "Jameson and I," he said, "came home after giving a new Dominion to the Empire; and we found that nobody took any notice of us, but that all your people were full of excitement because a Mrs. Somebody hadn't been elected to the School Board." In this, no doubt, there was some lack of the sense of proportion, which, indeed, was not Rhodes's strong point. The domestic affairs of some forty millions of people

seemed to him hardly worth considering when any question of territorial or colonial expansion was in the balance. Lord Salisbury once recommended the use of "large maps" as a corrective to groundless political alarms. Rhodes was fond of large maps too, but they had a different effect upon him. He would gaze upon the great polygon between the Transvaal and the Zambesi which he had colored red, and expatiate upon the vastness of the country; then he would run his finger northward, and explain how Africa was to be linked up and thrown open by his Cape-to-Cairo telegraph and railway. It was in my first conversation with him that I heard Rhodes mention this project, which was a novel one to me. I hinted some doubts—whether any one would want to use the through route, whether the native chiefs and slave traders would not interfere with the poles and wires. Rhodes took up the latter point with one of his touches of cynical humor: "The slavers! Why, before my telegraph had been running six months they would be using it to send through their consignments of slaves." Something was said about the Khalifa, and the obvious difficulty of constructing a railway through the Equatorial Provinces, then in the hands of fanatical barbarians. "You ask me," said Rhodes, in words which, I believe, he afterwards repeated in public, "how I am going to get the railway through the Soudan; well, I don't know. But I tell you, when the time comes we shall deal with the Mahdi in one way or another. If you mean to tell me that one man can permanently check an enterprise like this, I say to you it is not possible." This was very characteristic of Rhodes in two ways. He had a profound belief in destiny and in the power of world-movements to fulfil their ends. And he had also a conviction that almost any man could be "dealt with," if you

knew the right way to go to work with him. It was based, I suppose, on his own experience, for he had been singularly successful in manipulating and moulding men to his own purposes. From the keen-eyed speculators in Kimberley to the suspicious savages in the Matoppo caves, there were few with whom he had failed to come to terms when he desired to make them his instruments or allies. Partly I am sure that this was due to the mere personal influence, the "magnetism," to which I have already referred. But Rhodes was always a believer in the arts of bargain and management. He held that most people have their price, though the currency is not always notes or checks or shares. By appealing to a person's vanity, his patriotism, his ideals, or his cupidity, you can generally contrive to get him to do what you want. It was part of the piquancy of Rhodes's character that he mingled the practical shrewdness of the diamond mart and the gambling table with his prophetic visions and imaginative enthusiasms.

He could deal more surely with men than with things. His weakness seemed to me at our first interview—and my opinion was confirmed later—to lie in an incapacity for strict reasoning or close analysis, an utterly insecure grasp of facts, and an unwillingness to give definiteness and meaning to the large and somewhat nebulous generalizations in which his mind lay habitually immersed. The epithet that occurred to me, when I had conversed with him some little time, was "uneducated." Nor do I think it was unjustified. His Will has shown the world that he had the noblest conceptions of the value and political results of a high academic culture. In the Oxford of the future—an Oxford perhaps modified and transformed by his benefactions—he will have built for himself a monument *are perennius*. I know, too,

that of mere school and book learning he had as much as many other men who have gone high in the active professions and in the service of the State. He had read his classics and his Gibbon, he was interested in history and archæology, he had considerable appreciation of the artistic side of life. But his intellect appeared to me, with all its native vigor, essentially uncultivated and irregular. He shrank, I think, from the mental effort of following to their conclusions his own trains of thought, and he had a quite remarkable incapacity for seizing detail. As a prophet he was sometimes extraordinarily incorrect. It was so late as July, 1899, that he laughed to scorn the alarms of those who feared there would be war with the Transvaal; he would as soon imagine that a King of Samoa could be a danger to the British Empire as President Kruger and that "unpricked bubble" the military power of the Boers. When I saw Rhodes in December, 1892, he questioned me as to one of my objections to the position of the Chartered Company. I told him that, to speak frankly, I thought his own position was the greatest danger of all. He was Premier of the Cape, managing director of the Chartered Company, and virtual dictator of Rhodesia; and he had a miniature army, with horse, foot and artillery, at his own disposal. "Some time or other, Mr. Rhodes," I ventured to say, "we may find that you are making a little private war on your own account, with those armed police of yours." Rhodes was not offended, but he scouted the suggestion as fantastic. "Why," he said, "I can't do a thing without having to consult the Colonial Office. If we want to put up a station-house or a telegraph-hut we have a sheaf of correspondence with Downing Street. You may take it from me that we couldn't move our police *en masse* a mile without the British Government

wanting to know all about it." I reminded Rhodes of his words after the Raid. "You see, Mr. Rhodes," I said, "I was right, and you were wrong; you *did* make war on your own account, and the British Government did *not* know all about it." Rhodes was seldom without an answer; and on this occasion he had one—which on the whole it is more discreet not to give.

I left Rhodes after my first interview with a cordial invitation to come and see him whenever he was in London—a permission of which I took advantage several times in the course of the next four years. In these conversations I found that Rhodes constantly and unconsciously recurred to the ideas, and sometimes even the phrases, which had fixed themselves in my mind at our first meeting. A confidential friend of his once said to me, in reply to a question as to some action likely to be taken at a critical juncture, "Oh, you never can tell what Rhodes will do." I do not know how this may have been; but I am sure that it was often quite easy to predict what Rhodes would say. There were a few large thoughts perpetually vibrating through his brain, and you had only to touch the right key to get one or other note sounded. Sometimes, especially in a mixed company, he was apt to be *distract*, and would not talk at all, particularly if he imagined that an attempt was being made to lionize him. I have seen him at a dinner-party, where fashionable ladies and gentlemen were chattering about Africa, and Rhodes, half sulky and half amused, would talk about nothing but bridge or pictures. But as a rule it was easy to get him to discourse on his theories and projects. Whatever inconsistency there may have been in his actions, his opinions, so far as I could perceive, did not vary. In fact, he repeated himself a good deal, having a kind of apostolic fervor in expatiating on the broad

simple tenets of the Rhodesian religion. His cardinal doctrines I should say were these: First, that insular England was quite insufficient to maintain, or even to protect, itself without the assistance of the Anglo-Saxon peoples beyond the seas of Europe. Secondly, that the first and greatest aim of British statesmanship should be to find new areas of settlement, and new markets for the products that would, in due course, be penalized in the territories and dependencies of all our rivals by discriminating tariffs. Thirdly, that the largest tracts of unoccupied or undeveloped lands remaining on the globe were in Africa, and therefore that the most strenuous efforts should be made to keep open a great part of that continent to British commerce and colonization. Fourthly, that as the key to the African position lay in the various Anglo-Dutch States and provinces, it was imperative to convert the whole region into a united, self-governing, federation, exempt from meddlesome interference by the home authorities, but loyal to the Empire, and welcoming British enterprise and progress. Fifthly, that the world was made for the service of man, and more particularly of civilized, white, European men, who were most capable of utilizing the crude resources of nature for the promotion of wealth and prosperity. And, finally, that the British Constitution was an absurd anachronism, and that it should be remodelled on the lines of the American Union, with federal self-governing Colonies as the constituent States.

On the question of tariffs he had a good deal to say. He believed in something like a British *Zollverein*. He had a nervous, almost a superstitious, dread of the results of foreign import-duties, apparently thinking that it might be in the power of alien Governments to close the mills and factories of these islands, and almost to drive our teem-

ing population to starvation. He lamented that we had not long ago formed a commercial union with our colonies, so as to secure a free market for our own wares, and at the same time to have in our hands a lever with which we could force our economic opponents into reciprocity. On one occasion when he expatiated on this theme, I urged that some of our own colonies had shown themselves more unfavorable to us in their tariff-legislation than almost any foreign State. "Yes," replied Rhodes, "but you ought never to have allowed the Colonies to protect against the Mother Country. It is all very well to say that to dictate to them on questions of taxation is to interfere with their local liberties. But you could have done it easily enough when you granted the constitutions. You could have made it a condition that they should not levy import-duties on goods brought from England or from any other part of the Empire. If they had started on this basis, important mercantile interests would have become identified with Free-trade in every colony, and you would have always found allies in resisting a Protectionist movement. As it is, the interests are bound up with Protection, and of course they do not want an alteration of the system, unless you can make it very well worth their while. It is a difficult matter now; but there would have been very little trouble if you had gone the right way to work at the start." As to the species of Divine right to inherit the earth, which he claimed for the Teutonic races, and in particular for the Anglo-Saxon stocks, I believe it was grounded mainly in a belief in their efficiency. He had a reverence, such as is more common now among Americans than Englishmen, for enterprise on an extensive scale. Man in this view was clearly an active animal. He was made to do "big" things, and to do them in a mod-

ern, scientific, progressive manner. With the obstructionist, who clogged the wheels of the machine, whether from indolence, ignorance, or an exaggerated regard for the past, he had no patience. Some months before the opening of the South African War I was dining with him and a number of his friends, who were mostly interested in one way or other in Rhodesian or Transvaal affairs. The conversation turned on the condition of Johannesburg, the grievances of the Uitlanders, and the possible attitude of Great Britain. "If I were in the position of the British Government," said Rhodes, "I should say to old Kruger, 'Mr. Kruger, you are interfering with business, and you will have to get out of the way.' " The little speech was characteristic; so, by the way, was the pronouncement of the ex-President's name. Rhodes, as I have said, had no mastery of detail. In his thirty years in South Africa he had not learned how Dutch words should be spoken. He called his ancient enemy "old Krooger," like the man in the street.

My most interesting talk with Rhodes occurred in the early days of February, 1896, after the shattering collapse of Jameson's failure, when the deeply compromised Cape Premier hastened to England to "face the music." I was anxious to see him. Knowing that he was an early riser, I thought I should have the best chance of catching him disengaged if I went before most other callers were out of bed. So on the second morning after his arrival, at about eight o'clock, I sent in my name at the Burlington Hotel. My access to Rhodes on this occasion, when few but intimate friends were allowed to approach him, was facilitated by the fact that he had been reading some articles of mine on the events of the preceding month. I was no apologist for the Raid, nor have I ever been able to regard Rhodes's parti-

cipation in the plot against the Transvaal Republic as anything but an unpardonable breach of trust and a monstrous abuse of the exceptional powers and privileges which had been conferred upon him. But if I did not excuse his conduct, I thought it was possible to explain it; and, as it happened, my explanations were very much on the lines of those which he himself would have framed. On this morning—the 6th of February, 1896—I was taken up to Rhodes in his bedroom. He had risen, but was not quite dressed, and as he talked he walked feverishly up and down the room, awkwardly completing his toilet. He had been dining out the evening before; the dress clothes he had worn were scattered in disorder about the room; the large, rather bare, hotel apartment seemed strangely cold and friendless in the chilly light of the grim London morning; and the big man, with the thatch of gray-brown hair, who paced up and down in his shirt-sleeves, was a pathetic, almost a desolate figure. He was much changed by these few bitter weeks of suspense and suffering. Through the ruddy bronze of the seawind and the veldt breezes his cheeks showed gray and livid; he looked old and worn. He asked me to sit down while he finished dressing; and presently he began to talk about the Raid and the conspiracy. I had felt some diffidence in approaching the subject; but he was full of it—too full to keep silence. He was, as I have said, always candid; but on this occasion, considering the circumstances in which he stood and my own comparatively slight acquaintance with him, I was amazed at his freedom. I thought, indeed, that he was saying too much, and more than once I tried to check him and rose to go; but he evidently wanted to talk—I suppose to ease his mind after a sleepless night—and he begged me to remain till he had finished his story.

Much of what he said cannot be repeated, at any rate for the present; a good deal was subsequently repeated, by Rhodes himself, before the Raid Committee and in other quarters. He was at the time rather bitter against the Johannesburgers, on whom he laid the responsibility for Jameson's lack of success. "We have made a mistake," he said more than once. "It was a failure; and shall I tell you why it was a failure? Because the fellows in Johannesburg were afraid." As I thought that the conduct of the Rand reformers contrasted on the whole very favorably with that of the outside bunglers, I expressed some dissent from this opinion. Rhodes, however, would not hear of any excuses for the action, or the inaction, of his allies in the Gold Reef city. I believe that he was subsequently reconciled to them; but at that moment he spoke of them in terms by no means flattering. From this very candid exposition of his own motives and expectations, I derived a strong, and, I think, perfectly correct impression that Rhodes's intervention in the Johannesburg conspiracy was due quite as much to fear of the Uitlanders as to animosity against Mr. Kruger. Rhodes disliked the reactionary Dutch oligarchy at Pretoria; but he also rather despised it, and believed that it was bound to fall before long by its inherent weakness, which he greatly over-estimated. He was, however, possessed by a genuine apprehension that it might be succeeded by a Republican Government which might be anti-Imperialist and perhaps anti-British. He knew that among the leading reformers at Johannesburg there were Americans, many Australians and Cape Afrikaners, some Germans and other foreigners. They objected to the Krugerite régime, which dipped into their pockets and shackled their enterprise; but they had no liking for Downing Street, and many of them

had even a very qualified affection for the Union Jack. Rhodes put it somewhat in this way:—

I knew that in five years there would be 250,000 white settlers in the Rand. In ten years there might be half a million or more. Now, that large European population, with its enormous wealth and industry, would inevitably become the political centre of all South Africa. If we let things alone, the Uitlanders were certain, sooner or later, to turn out Kruger and his lot, to get possession of the Transvaal administration, and to make the Republic a modern, financial and progressive State, which would draw all South Africa after it. But they would have done it entirely by their own efforts. They would owe no gratitude to England, and, indeed they might feel a grudge against the Home Government for having left them in the lurch so long. They would take very good care to retain their independence and their flag, with perhaps a leaning towards some foreign power, and all the Afrikaner world would gradually recognize their leadership. So that, in the end, instead of a British Federal Dominion, you would get a United States of South Africa, with its capital on the Rand, and very likely it would be ruled by a party that would be entirely opposed to the English connection. In fact, you would lose South Africa, and lose it by the efforts of the English-speaking minority in the Transvaal, who are at present anti-British as well as anti-Kruger. I saw that if left to itself this section would become predominant when the Dutch oligarchy was expelled. That was why I went into the movement. I joined with the wealthy men who were ready to give their money to overthrow Kruger, so that we might be able to turn the revolution in the right direction at the right time. You may say, "Rhodes should have left it alone; it was no business of his." Yes; and if I had done so, there was the certainty that the revolution would have been attempted—perhaps not just now, but in two years, three years, or five years—all the same; that it would have suc-

ceeded; and then the money of the capitalists, the influence of the leading men in Johannesburg, would have been used in favor of this new and more powerful Republican Government, which would have drifted away from the Empire and drawn all South Africa—English as well as Dutch—after it.

I had much more talk with Rhodes on the subject, both on this day and subsequently. But the passage I have reproduced, as nearly as possible in his own words, has always seemed to me the gist of Rhodes's whole defence of his action in 1895. His view was that we had to choose between helping to overturn the Pretoria Government ourselves and seeing it done without our assistance. That it would be accomplished in one way or the other, and before very long, he felt convinced. He was afraid of the Republican sentiment, which foreign influences, Dutch example and the general dislike of "Downing Street," had bred in South Africa; and he shivered at the possibility that the new Afrikaner nation of his dreams might be created in a mood of angry distrust of Great Britain. Rhodes frankly repudiated the rather innocent theory that he would have been content with a redress of the Uitlanders' grievances and a mere change of *personnel* at Pretoria. He laughed when this idea was broached, and said in his emphatic fashion, "I wasn't taking all this trouble to turn out old Kruger and put J. B. Robinson or — in his place." He repeated the sentence before the Raid Committee, with a difference. In the blank I have left would be inserted the name of one of the Johannesburg Reform leaders, who was closely associated with the conspiracy and Jameson's attempt. Rhodes was, I think, quite aware that a mere internal movement at Johannesburg, in which the settlers might have had the assistance or benevolent neu-

trality of many of the moderate Dutch, would have had considerable chances of success. But from his own point of view this success would have been equivalent to failure. He considered it necessary that the overthrow of the Kruger tyranny should *not* be the unaided work of the oppressed Uitlanders themselves.

Such, at any rate, was Rhodes's aim and purpose in the most debatable portion of his career. Men will differ as to how far the large Imperial objects he had in view can be held to justify the steps by which he endeavored to carry them out. I doubt whether Rhodes was much interested in the question himself. Absorbed in the contemplation of great ends, he was indifferent to the means by which his results were to be attained. His abhorrence of detail he carried into the moral sphere; right and wrong were to be judged by large cosmic standards, not by the rules of a morality which I suppose he thought merely conventional. His vision of the future was too vivid to be blurred by such considerations. There was something of the poet, the seer—at once heroic and childlike—in this antinomianism. "A great romancer—a splendid child," said Robert Louis Stevenson of Scott. Rhodes, too, was a great romancer, though his dramas and stories were not written in words; and sometimes, when you listened to his glowing rhapsodies, you felt that he had lost his hold on the ethics, as well as the facts, of the small real world about us, so busy was his imagination with that wider, fuller future in which he commonly dwelt. When you listened to his talk you found yourself carried away by the contagion of his enthusiasm. You forgot the logical weakness of the imaginative structures he raised, the shadowy basis on which they often rested. You remembered only that you were in the presence of a man dominated by

an inspiring faith, and an ambition in which there was nothing narrow or merely selfish. Most people, even those who have been immersed in the petty worries of party politics and the sordid cares of amassing wealth, have their idealistic side; and Rhodes appealed to it. There are shrewd financiers, keen men of action, life-long worshippers of money and material success, to whom a belief in Cecil Rhodes became a substitute for religion. Minds of more subtlety and more accurate intelligence than his own yielded to his sway. He never gained a more genuine triumph than when he appeared before the Raid Committee in Westminster Hall, in 1897. I was present at his first examination, and I thought he had failed badly. Rhodes seemed outclassed by the fine trained intellects of the statesmen, the great lawyers, the scholars and administrators, who sat round the horseshoe table and probed him with searching questions. His loose meth-

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ods, his uncertain grasp of facts, his rough use of language, gave him for a moment an air of inferiority. He was like an uneducated swordsman clumsily parrying the rapier-play of a master. But after the first day the sympathetic force of character produced its effect. Rhodes haughtily abandoned the embarrassing rôle of a defendant endeavoring to turn a bad case into a good one under hostile cross-examination. The witness-chair became a platform; and Rhodes, gathering his prophetic robes about him, proceeded to lecture his judges on the great African question, on the road to the north, the possible designs of Germany, the misdeeds of "old Kruger," the paramount duty of Great Britain. The Commissioners listened bewildered, interested, fascinated, overcome by the frank egotism of a great personality too much absorbed in its ideas to be conscious of itself.

Sidney Low.

EVENING ON THE VELD.

We leave the broken highway, channelled by rains and rutted by ox-wagons, and plunge into the leafy coolness of a great wood. Great in circumference only, for the blue gums and pines and mimosa bushes are scarcely six years old, though the feathery leafage and the frequency of planting make a thicket of the young trees. The rides are broad and grassy as an English holt, dipping into hollows, climbing steep ridges, and showing at intervals little side-alleys, ending in green hills, with the accompaniment everywhere of the spicy smell of gums and the deep rooty fragrance of pines. Sometimes all

alien woodland ceases, and we ride through aisles of fine trees, which have nothing save height to distinguish them from Rannoch or Rothiemurchus. A deer looks shyly out, which might be a roebuck; the cooing of doves, the tap of a woodpecker, even the hawk above in the blue heavens, have nothing strange. Only an occasional widow-bird with its ridiculous flight, an ant-heap to stumble over, and a clump of scarlet veld-flowers are there to mark the distinction. Here we have the sign visible of man's conquest over the soil, and of the real adaptability of the land. With care and money great tracts of the high-veld might change their char-

acter. An English country-house, with deer-park and coverts and fish-ponds, could be created here and in many kindred places, where the owner might forget his continent. And in time this will happen. As the rich man pushes farther out from the city for his home, he will remake the most complaisant of countries to suit his taste, and, save for climate and a certain ineradicable flora and fauna, patches of Surrey and Perthshire will appear on this kindly soil.

With the end of the wood we come out upon the veld. What is this mysterious thing, this veld, so full of memories for the English race, so omnipresent, so baffling? Like the words "prairie," "moor" and "down," it is easy to make a rough mental picture of. It will doubtless become in time, when South Africa gets herself a literature, a conventional counter in description. To-day every London shop-boy knows what this wilderness of coarse green or brown grasses is like; he can picture the dry streams, the jagged kopjes, the glare of summer and the bitter winter cold. It has entered into patriotic jingles, and has given a *mise-en-scène* to crude melodrama. And yet no natural feature was ever so hard to fully realize. One cannot think of a monotonous vastness, like the prairie, for it is everywhere broken up and varied. It is too great for an easy appreciation, as of an English landscape, too subtle and diverse for rhetorical generalities—a thing essentially mysterious and individual. In consequence it has a charm which the common efforts of mother earth after grandiloquence can never possess. There is something homely and kindly and soothing in it, something essentially humane and fitted to the needs of human life. Climb to the top of the nearest ridge, and after a broad green valley there will be another ridge just the same; cross the

mountains fifty miles off, and the country will repeat itself as before. But this sameness in outline is combined with an infinite variety in detail, so that we readily take back our first complaint of monotony, and wonder at the intricate novelty of each vista.

Here the veld is simply the broad green side of a hill, with blue points of mountain peeping over the crest, and a ragged brown road scarred across it. The road is as hard as adamant, a stiff red clay baked by the sun into porphyry, with fissures yawning here and there, so deep that often it is hard to see the gravel at the bottom. A cheerful country to drive in on a dark night in a light English cart, but less dead to the lumbering wagons of the farmer. We choose the grass to ride on, which grows in coarse clumps with bare soil between. Here, too, are traps for the loose rider. A conical ant-heap with odd perforations, an ant-bear hole three feet down, or, most insidious of all, a meerkat's hole hidden behind a tuft of herbage. A good pony can gallop and yet steer, provided the rider trusts it; but the best will make mistakes, and on occasion roll over like a rabbit. Most men begin with a dreary apprenticeship to spills; but it is curious how few are hurt, despite the hardness of the ground. One soon learns the art of falling clear and falling softly.

The four o'clock December sun blazes down on us, raising hot odors from the grass. A gray African hare starts from its form, a meerkat slips away indignantly, a widow-bird, coy and ridiculous like a flirtatious widow, flops on ahead. The sleepy, long-horned Afrikaner cattle raise listless eyes as we pass, and a few gaudy butterflies waver athwart us. Otherwise there is no sound or sight of life. Flowers of rich colors—chrysanthemums, gentians, geraniums—most of them variants of familiar European species, grow in

clumps so lowly that one can only observe them by looking directly from above. It is this which makes the veld so colorless to a stranger. There are no gowans or buttercups or heather, to blazon it like a spring meadow or an August moorland. Five yards off, and nothing is visible but the green stalks of grass or a red boulder.

At the summit of the ridge there is a breeze and a far prospect. The road still runs on up hill and down dale, through the distant mountains, and on to the great pastoral uplands of Rustenburg and the far northwest. On either side the same waying grass, now gray and now green as the wind breathes over it. Below is a glen with a gleam of water, and some yards of tender lawn on either bank. Farm-houses line the sides, each with its dam, its few acres of untidy crop land, and its bower of trees. Beyond rise line upon line of green ridges, with a glimpse of woods and dwellings set far apart, till in the far distance the bold spurs of the Magaliesberg stand out against the sky. A thin trail of smoke from some veld-fire hangs between us and the mountains, tempering the intense clearness of an African prospect. There is something extraordinarily delicate and remote about the vista; it might be a mirage, did not the map bear witness to its reality. It is not unlike a child's conception of the landscape of Bunyan, a road running straight through a mystical green country, with the hilltops of the Delectable Mountains to cheer the pilgrim. And indeed the land is instinct with romance. The names of the gorges which break the mountain line—Ollifants' Port, Crocodile Port, Commando Nek—speak of war and adventure and the far tropics beyond these pastoral valleys. The little farms are all "Rests" and "Fountains," the true nomenclature of a far-wandering, home-loving people. The slender rivulet

below us is one of the topmost branches of the great Limpopo, rising in a marsh in the wood behind us, forcing its way through the hills and the bushveld to the north, and travelling thence through jungles and fever-swamps to the Portuguese sea-coast. The road is one of the old highways of exploration; it is not fifty years since a white man first saw the place. And yet it is as pastoral as Yarrow or Exmoor; it has the green simplicity of sheepwalks and the homeliness of a long-settled rustic land. In the afternoon peace there is no hint of the foreign or the garish; it is as remote as Holland itself from the unwholesome splendors of the East and South.

No landscape is so masterful as the veld. Broken up into valleys, reclaimed in parts by man, showing fifty varieties of scene, it yet preserves one essential character. For, homely as it is, it is likewise untamable. There are no fierce encroachments about it. A deserted garden does not return to the veld for many years, if ever. It is not, like the jungle, the natural enemy of man, waiting for a chance to enter and obliterate his handiwork, and repelled only by sleepless watching. Rather it is the quiet spectator of human efforts, ready to meet them half-way, and yet from its vastness always the dominant feature in any landscape. Its normal air is sad, gray and Quakerish, never flamboyant under the brightest sun, and yet both strenuous and restful. The few red monstrosities man has built on its edge serve only to set off this essential dignity. For one thing, it is not created according to the scale of man. It will give him a home, but he will never alter its aspect. Let him plough and reap it for a thousand years, and he may beautify and fructify but never change it. The face of England has altered materially in two centuries, because England is on a human scale—

a parterre land, without intrinsic wildness. But cultivation on the veld will always be superimposed; it will remain, like Egypt, ageless and immutable—one of the primeval types of the created world.

But, though dominant, it is also adaptable. It can, for the moment, assume against its unchangeable background a chameleon-like variety. Sky and weather combine to make it imitative at times. Now, under a pale Italian sky, it is the Campagna—hot, airless, profoundly melancholy. Again, when the mist drives over it, and wet scraps of hill stand out among clouds, it is Dartmoor or Liddesdale; or on a radiant evening, when the mountains are one bank of hazy purple, it has borrowed from the Skye and the far West Highlands. On a clear steely morning it has the air of its namesake, the Norwegian fjelds—in one way the closest of its parallels. But each phase passes, the tantalizing memory goes, and we are back again upon the aboriginal veld, so individual that we wonder whence arose the illusion.

A modern is badly trained for appreciating certain kinds of scenery. Generations of poets and essayists have so stamped the "pathetic fallacy" upon his soul that wherever he goes, unless in the presence of a Niagara or a Mount Everest, he runs wild, looking for a human interest or a historical memory. This is well enough in the old settled lands, but on the veld it is curiously inept. The man who, in Emerson's phrase, seeks "to impress his English whim upon the immutable past," will find little reward for his gymnastics. Not that there is no history of a kind—of Bantu wars, and great tribal immigrations, of wandering gold-seekers and Portuguese adventurers, of the *voortrekker* and the heroic battles in the wilds. But the veld is so little subject to human life that had Thermopylæ been fought in

yonder nek, or had St. Francis wandered on this hillside, it would have mastered and obliterated the memories. It has its history; but it is the history of cosmic forces, of the cycle of seasons, of storms and suns and floods, the joys and sorrows of the natural world.

Lo, for there among the flowers and
grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds
and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

Men dreamed of it and its wealth long ago in Portugal and Holland. They have quarrelled about it in London and Cape Town, fought for it, parcelled it out in maps, bought it and sold it. It has been subject for long to the lusts and hopes of man. It has been larded with epithets: town-bred folk have made theories about it; armies have rumbled across it; the flood of high politics has swept it,—

That torrent of unquiet dream
That mortals truth and reason deem.

But the veld has no memory of it. Men go and come, kingdoms fall and rise, but it remains austere, secluded, impenetrable, "the still unravished bride of quietness."

As one lives with it the thought arises, May not some future civilization grow up here in keeping with the grave country? The basis of every civilization is wealth—wealth to provide the background of leisure, which in turn is the basis of culture in a commercial world. Our colonial settlements have hitherto been fortuitous. They have fought a hard fight for a livelihood, and in the process missed the finer formative influences of the land. When, then, civilization came it was naturally a borrowed one—English with an accent. But here, as in the old Greek colonies, we begin *de novo*, and at a certain high plane of life. The Dutch, our forerunners, ac-

quired the stamp of the soil, but they lived on the barest scale of existence, and were without the aptitude or the wealth to go further. Our situation is different. We start rich, and with a prospect of growing richer. On one side are the mining centres—cosmopolitan, money-making, living at a strained pitch; on the other this silent country. The time will come when the rich man will leave the towns, and, as most of them are educated and all are able men, he will create for himself a leisured country life. His sons in turn will grow up with something autochthonous in their nature. For those who are truly South Africans at heart, and do not hurry to Europe to spend their wealth, there is a future, we believe of another kind than they contemplate. All great institutions are rooted and grounded in the soil. There is an art, a literature, a school of thought implicit here for the understanding heart—no tarnished European importation, but the natural, spontaneous fruit of the land.

As we descend into the glen the going underfoot grows softer, the flinty red clay changes to sand, and soon to an irregular kind of turf. At last we are on the stream bank, and the waving grasses have gone. Instead there is the true meadow growth, reeds and water-plants and a species of gorgeous scarlet buck-bean, little runnels from the farm-dams creep along the rushes, and soon our horses' feet are squelching through a veritable bog. Here are the sights and sounds of a Hampshire water-meadow. Swallows skim over the pools; dragon-flies and bees brush past; one almost expects to see a great trout raise a sleepy head from yonder shining reach. But there are no trout, alas! none, I fear, nearer than Natal; only a small greenish barbel who is a giant at four to the pound. The angler will get small satisfaction here, though on the Mooi river, above

Potchefstroom, I have heard stories of a golden-scaled monster who will rise to a sea-trout fly. As we jump the little mill-lades, a perfect host of frogs are leaping in the grass, and small bright-eyed lizards slip off the stones at our approach. But, though the glen is quick with life, there is no sound; a deep Sabbatical calm broods over all things. The cry of a Kaffir driver from the highroad we have just left breaks with an almost startling violence on the quiet. The tall reeds hush the stream's flow, the birds seem songless, even the hum of insects is curiously dim. There is nothing for the ear, but much for the eye and more for the nostril. Our ride has been through a treasure-house of sweet scents. First the pines and the gum-trees; then the drowsy sweetness of the sunburnt veld; and now the more delicate flavor of rich soil and water and the sun-distilled essences of a thousand herbs. What the old Greek wrote of Arabia the Blessed might fitly be written here, "From this country there is a smell wondrous sweet."

Lower down the glen narrows. The stream would be a torrent if there were more water; but the cascades are a mere trickle, and only the deep green rock-pools, the banks of shingle, and the worn foot of the cliff, show what this thread can grow to in the rains. A light wild brushwood begins, and creeps down to the very edge of the stream. Twenty years ago lions roamed in this scrub; now we see nothing but two poaching pariah dogs. We pass many little one-storied farms, each with a flower-garden run to seed, and some acres of tangled crops. All are deserted. War has been here with its heavy hand, and a broken stoep, empty windows and a tumbled-in roof are the marks of its passage. The owners may be anywhere—still on commando with Delarey, in Bermuda or Ceylon, in Europe, in camp of refuge, on parole in

the towns. Great sunflowers, a foot in diameter, sprawl over the railings, dahlias and marigolds nod in the evening sunshine, and broken fruit-trees lean over the walks. Suddenly from the yard a huge aasvogel flaps out—the bird not of war but of unclean pillage. There is nothing royal in the creature, only obscene ferocity and a furtive green. But its presence, as it rises high in the air, joined with the fallen roof-trees, effectively drives out Arcady from the scene. We feel we are in a shattered country. This quiet glen, which in peace might be a watered garden, becomes suddenly a desert. The veld is silent, but such secret nooks will blab their tale shamelessly to the passer-by.

The stream bends northward in a more open valley, and as we climb the ridge we catch sight of the country beyond and the same august lines of mountain. But now there is a new feature in the landscape. Bushes are dotted over the far slope, and on the brow cluster together into something like a coppice. That is a patch of bush-veld, as rare on our high-veld as are fragments of the old Ettrick forest in Tweeddale. Two hundred miles north is the real bush-veld, full of game and fevers, the barrier between the tropical Limpopo and these grassy uplands. Seen in the splendor of evening there is a curious savagery about that little patch, which is neither veld nor woodland but something dwarfish and uncanny. That is Africa, the Africa of travellers; but thus far we have ridden through a countryside so homely and familiar that we are not prepared for a foreign intrusion, which leads us to our hope of a new civilization. If it ever comes, what an outlook it will have into the wilds! In England we look to the sea, in France across a frontier, even in Russia there is a mountain barrier between East and West.

But here civilization will march sharply with barbarism, like a castle of the Pale, looking over a river to a land of mists and outlaws. A man would have but to walk northward, out of the cities and clubs and the whole world of books and talk, to reach the country of the oldest earth-dwellers, the untamable heart of the continent. It is much for a civilization to have its background—the Egyptian against the Ethiopian, Greek against Thracian, Rome against Gaul. It is also much for a race to have an outlook, a far horizon to which its fancy can turn. Even so strong men are knit and art is preserved from domesticity.

We turn homeward over the long shoulders of hill, keeping to the track in the falling light. If the place is sober by day, it is transformed in the evening. For an hour the land sinks out of account, and the sky is the sole feature. No words can tell the tale of a veld sunset. Not the sun dipping behinds the peaks of Jura, or flaming in the mouth of a Norwegian fiord, or sinking, a great ball of fire, in mid-Atlantic, has the amazing pageantry of these upland evenings. A flood of crimson descends on the world, rolling in tides from the flagrant west, and kindling bush and scaur and hill-top, till the land glows and pulsates in a riot of color. And then slowly the splendor ebbs, lingering only to the west in a shoreless, magical sea. A delicate pearl-gray overspreads the sky, and the onlooker thinks that the spectacle is ended. It has but begun; for there succeed flushes of ineffable color—purple, rose-pink, tints of no mortal name—each melting imperceptibly into the other, and revealing again the twilight world which the earlier pageant had obscured. Every feature in the landscape stands out with a tender amethystine clearness. The mountain-ridge is cut like a jewel against the sky; the track is a ribbon of pure beat-

en gold. And then the light fades, the air becomes a soft mulberry haze, the first star pricks out in the blue, and night is come.

Here is a virgin soil for art, if the art arises. In our modern history there is no true poetry of vastness and solitude. What there is is temperamental and introspective, not the simple interpretation of a natural fact. In the old world, indeed, there is no room for it; a tortured, crowded land may produce the aptitude, but it cannot give the experience. And the new lands have had no chance to realize their freshness; when their need for literature arose, they have taken it second-hand. The Australian poet sings of the bush in the rococo accents of Fleet Street, and when he is natural he can tell of simple human emotions, but not of the wilds. For the chance of the seeing eye has gone. He is not civilized but de-civilized, having borrowed the raiment of his elder brother. But, if South African conditions be as men believe, here we have a different prospect. The man who takes this country as his own will take it at another level than the pioneer. The veld will be to him more than a hunting-ground, and the seasons may be viewed from another than a commercial standpoint. If the art arises, it will be an austere art—with none of the fatuities of the picturesque, bare of false romance and preciosities, but essentially large, simple and true. It will be the chronicle of the veld, the song of the cycle of Nature, the epic of life and death, and "the unimaginable touch of time." Who can say that from this land some dew of freshness may not descend upon a jaded literature, and the world be the richer by a new Wordsworth, a more humane Thoreau, or a manlier Sénan-cour?

Once more we are in the wood, now a ghostly place with dark aisles and the windless hush of evening in the

branches. The flying ants are coming out of the ground for their short life of a night. The place is alive with wings, moths and strange insects, that go white and glimmering in the dusk. Clear darkness that precedes moonrise is over the earth, so that everything stands out clear in a kind of dark-green monochrome. Something of an antique dignity, like an evening of Claude Lorraine, is stealing into the landscape. Once more the veld is putting on an alien dress, till in this fairyland weather we forget our continent again. And yet who shall limit Africa to one aspect? Our whole ride has been a kaleidoscope of its many phases. Hot and sunburnt, dry grasses and little streams, the red rock and the fantastic sunset. And on the other side the quiet green valleys, the soothing vista of blue hills, the cool woods, the water-meadows and the twilight. It is a land of contrasts—glimpses of desert and barbarism, memories of war, relics of old turmoil, and yet essentially a homeland. As the phrase goes, it is a "white man's country;" by which I understand a country not only capable of sustaining life, but fit for the amenities of life and the nursery of a nation. Whether it will rise to a nation or sink to a territory rests only with its people. But it is well to recognize its possibilities, to be in love with the place, for only then may we have the hope which can front and triumph over the many obstacles.

The first darkness is passing, a faint golden light creeps up the sky, and suddenly over the crest comes the African moon, bathing the warm earth in its cold pure radiance. This moon, at any rate, is the peculiar possession of the land. At home it is a disc, a ball of light; but here it is a glowing world riding in the heavens, a veritable kingdom of fire. No virgin huntress could personify it, but rather some mighty warrior-god, driving his chariot among

trampled stars. It lights us out of the wood, and on to the highroad, and then among the sunflowers and oleanders of the garden. The night air is cool and bracing, and soft as summer; and as we dismount our thoughts turn homeward, and we have a sudden regret.

Blackwood's Magazine.

For in this month and in this hour in that other country we should be faring very differently. No dallying with zephyrs and sunsets; but the coming in, cold and weary, from the snowy hill, and telling over the peat-fire the unforgettable romance of winter sport.

THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

CHAPTER XV.

FACE TO FACE.

Sir Caradoc Crosby sat in his great shabby library alone. He was a man in whom anger and grief were one, and as the old "ruined lion" sat and brooded over his many troubles, he could not tell whether his vexation at Viola's wilfulness, his grief for his lost heir, or his anger with Caradoc were uppermost in his mind. Perhaps rebellious wrath with Fate or Providence covered all three resentments. There had been great flashes of enjoyment in his gloomy life, times when his personal beauty and a certain genial fire of good-fellowship had carried all before him. There were times—alas! those good times shortened as the years went by—when he was popular with his neighbors, and friendly with his children. There had been a time when his wife had fallen in love with him, and there were still weeks, days, hours, when he made himself lovable in her eyes. His second marriage had been the best day's work he ever did, and had deferred the evil day for many a year.

Without Lady Crosby, without her presence at Cathrigg and her rule over the family, where would they all have been? But her influence was not strong enough to win the battle. She had prevented scandals; certain epi-

sodes of his widowerhood had never recurred; she had greatly diminished that tendency to drown his regrets, cares and remorses in drink, had held so firm a hand upon it, that perhaps Sir Caradoc's children hardly knew that it ever occurred. Either her hand had been slacker of late, or the force of the impulse had grown stronger. He knew well enough what he might come to as the years went by.

And then there were money matters. Could ruin be staved off for many more months? Whether Caradoc turned up, or little Giles was left to look after him, neither could live at Cathrigg Hall. Quentin could not have done so, but then he could have held up his head in the world elsewhere, whereas Crad, if he came home to Cathrigg—

"Crad would go like me," thought the father, with long, groaning sighs.

As for the little one, he belonged to his mother. It was difficult to think of little Giles as a Crosby of Cathrigg at all.

Well, it would be over now, most likely. He had had some bad illnesses, the doctor had told him that he could not stand many more. And then?

Sir Caradoc believed in a spiritual world. He believed, if he had been a man who could put thoughts into words, he would have said that he knew that the Powers of Good and

Evil contended for his soul, and that the Evil ones were likely to get it. His imagination was strong, and his faith was simple, and he could not regard death as a release from punishment. Quite the reverse.

Of course a man could repent. There were times when he had repented. He knew what it was to hate his own bad ways much better than some who never fall into them. How had it all begun? Of course he had been a troublesome boy and a wild young man, but Sir Caradoc's standard was not very high, and he did not judge himself very hardly for acts which he would have condoned in other men. Of course there had been three or four things which he wished had never happened; but they were all as much over as if his father and not himself, had been guilty of them. Neither by word or deed could he alter their results.

There was, however, one thing. One thing which he had not done, one word which he had not said, one reticence which he had excused to himself; which, nevertheless, had degraded him forever, had made virtue and honor mere names to him, and by which, as he well knew, he had lost his soul.

Because he, like his banished son, was so made that he knew what losing his soul meant, and because his good angel had not quite given him up in despair.

Of course he could not have saved his brother. Quince had done that deed, but if he had stood by his side, and declared *why* he had done it, the result might have been different. Certainly that further unproved suspicion would not have hovered round him.

Among all the sins natural to Sir Caradoc's temperament, this one unnatural one stood out black, the great meanness into which a weak impulsive nature had betrayed a generous man—self-indulgence and cowardice do make generous people mean.

It was so long ago, such dead silence had hidden it, he had pushed it so far out of his thoughts, that he could hardly recall it clearly.

But there had been a time when he and his brother had been good friends and good comrades, when they had been wild and foolish together, had dashed into life with all the force of their vivid natures, and when Quentin, readier and even more vehement and impulsive, had been the leader of the two. Both gambled and betted, and lived in a set of which they were far the poorest. Both were attractive, popular and very young. Both soon had ugly debts. Caradoc's proved especially bad, and Lucy Tremaddock had just come on the scene. If one creditor was not silenced, farewell to any hopes of her. And Caradoc was passionately in love and knew that his love was returned.

Quince knew it too. There was a day and night of black despair, and then Quince produced the money. He had got it, never mind how. Caradoc supposed that he had borrowed it, paid it away, stopped the creditor's mouth, went off to Lucy Tremaddock and was soon her accepted and acknowledged lover.

Quince remained with his regiment.

A considerable sum of money had been subscribed by the officers and other gentlemen towards the support of some local races, which they wished to make of importance. There was a deficit, a hurried private inquiry, and before it was ended the treasurer of the Race Fund shot himself. Then it was said that young Quentin Crosby had been with him recently; some whisper was started, there was another conclave. Quentin owned to having got hold of the sum in question to pay debts, had thought he could return it, would not say how he got it from the treasurer—was much in debt—had expected the money from a friend. The

friend, a young man of wealth and position, appeared too late, paid up the money, the scandal was hushed up, Quentin Crosby sent in his papers and disappeared from society.

What could Caradoc have done by speaking? His vital need of the money would have been betrayed, and his whole manner of life. He would have lost his bride, and he could not have saved his brother. He was silent and Quentin urged him not to speak. Why disgrace both of them? And yet? Caradoc never looked his brother in the face again. He had never looked himself in the face. Nobody but old Bid-dums now in the neighborhood really knew the facts about Quince, very few ever had known them. No one but Quince knew about Caradoc's share, no one at all.

Sir Caradoc felt that he would rather that his brave young son had known of every other evil deed of his life than of that one mean silence. The subconscious memory of it had gnawed at his heart and irritated his temper. It lay between him and the brother who had met it in silence. He had never known what Quince thought of his conduct.

He was agitated and excited. The disturbance of his grief drove him towards some action, he hardly knew what.

An impulse, either of confession to his brother, or the desire to hear from him that the long wasted years would have been the same whether the whole truth had been told or not, came upon him.

He had perhaps never written a note to his brother for years, had scarcely ever set foot in Greenhead Howe, but now he wrote a few lines:—

"Dear Quince,

"I should be obliged if you would come over and see me. I should be glad to talk things over with you. Pun-

ishment seems to be falling heavily upon us, and we are getting old men. There are few left to us.

"Your affectionate brother,
"Caradoc Crosby."

He had not meant to write anything like this, but the words came, it seemed, of themselves. He sealed the note, and putting it in his pocket went out to find a messenger to take it to Greenhead.

He went out by the back way, past his dismal stables and farm buildings, where he found no one ready to go on his errand. The thick walls, the stone-built, stone-roofed barns and out-buildings defied neglect and decay, but the gates hung loose on their hinges, and no coat of paint had touched them for years. Sir Caradoc knew what a gentleman's stables ought to be like and the sight was odious to him. These rusty hinges, these weedy yards were the form in which his ill-fortune presented itself to his mind.

The rough path which he was following led through a field, right on to Cathrigg Fell, a sulky-looking pile which joined on to the long ridge of hill called Three Cross Rigg, over which the direct road passed to Ashby, and which, in old times, had the same repute which Rere Cross in Stanmore gained from Allan-a-dale.

As he went slowly and rather dreamily on, a girl, in hat and jacket, came running down the hill towards him.

"Oh, if you please, Sir Caradoc," she said, "have you seen Giles?"

Sir Caradoc recalled to his mind the fact that this was Miss Woodley, his children's nursery governess, a young person to whom he had never said more than "Good morning," and whose voice he had hardly heard before.

"Giles? No, is he playing truant?"

"I thought he was in the field, Sir Caradoc; he may have run home; he was out with me and the little girls."

"You'll find him down by the stables," said Sir Caradoc, not much disturbed, as Miss Woodley, responsible and frightened, hurried down to the stable yard.

The encounter, however, recalled afresh to his mind the two strong, independent little lads who had scrambled about the fells together fifteen or sixteen years ago. Nobody had troubled much about Quentin and Crad before Lady Crosby's day. What fine manly little chaps they were! And now? One of them was lying in his Indian grave, his handsome face would never be seen again, and all the promise of his youth was lost. The other? There was a gulf of disputes, frets and quarrels between the present and the memories of Crad's childhood. But had he, perhaps, been too hot with the lad? And was it not necessary now to find out where he was? Affairs would be at a dead loss with the heir missing.

A sense of miserable helplessness seized on Sir Caradoc. He stood still and gazed round him in a vague, perplexed manner. The sheep track he was following now made a sharp descent by the steep rocky bank of the little torrent which roared down the side of Cathrigg Fell and joined the river Kettle below it.

Two or three rough stones crossed it, many feet below where Sir Caradoc stood. The opposite bank rose smooth and green before him.

And suddenly a figure appeared at the top of it, tall, slim, upright, with eyes looking downwards towards the roof of Cathrigg Hall.

A great shock passed through Sir Caradoc. The surprise, the confusion of his previous thoughts overwhelmed him, and for a moment he thought he saw a vision of his dead heir. His brain turned for an instant and his senses reeled.

"Quentin—my son," he cried in a hoarse, broken voice.

The familiar figure turned with a start and an outcry, springing down the bank towards him.

"Father," and the father heard Caradoc's voice and knew that it was the lost, not the dead son, towards whom he hurried with stumbling steps.

Probably neither Caradoc nor Viola heard much of the funeral service which they had followed by a kind of blind impulse. Even then and there heads turned, eyes wandered to look at them, and when the little party moved out of the church, Caradoc did not follow them to the graveside, but held his sister back, and they hugged each other again, saying as with one voice:

"Oh, Crad, Quentin!"

"Oh, Vi, Quentin!"

"Do you know? Where—where have you been, Crad?" said Viola after a minute.

"I know. I read it in the paper. That's why I'm here."

"You didn't enlist? No," looking at his clothes. "Oh, Crad, what have you been doing?"

"I thought you were at Beachcombe, going to be married."

"No, no! I've come back. But how did you know about me? How did you?"

"I knew," said Crad, with a softer, happier look, "because your friend, Miss Elsworthy, told me. Viola, I did not fall among thieves, and I haven't eaten husks, but I've come, I hope, to my right mind. I was going to write to ask my father his forgiveness, and then I saw about Quentin, and I had to come."

"It's Joe Wilson's funeral," said Viola, under her breath.

"Yes. That's strange, very strange," said Caradoc, but in a half-abstracted way.

"I came back. I was going to Uncle Quince. I was waiting till the

funeral passed by, and I saw you coming. Is father well?"

"Oh yes—But, Crad, it's been dreadful. He is so angry with me. He's worse than ever. I don't think he'll forgive you."

"Well, I must ask him," said Caradoc, gravely.

"Have you been at Ashenhead?" said Vi curiously, coming again to the front.

"Yes. With far better folk than I deserved, with the best people I ever knew. I'll tell you."

Caradoc told his story in a few rapid words. He did not speak of his love for Elsie, but ended with,

"And I shall go back there, Vi. I mean to go back, and earn an honest living."

Viola turned and looked at him, her first excitement over.

"You haven't gone to the bad, Crad, you're improved," she said.

"I ought to be," said Caradoc, briefly.

Here the last words of the funeral service died away, and the mourners came back from the open grave, passing close to where the brother and sister stood.

Caradoc took off his hat and stood still, a deep flush on his cheeks, and old memories, shameful, agitating, surging up within him. To come forward or speak was, he felt, impossible, and he held Viola's hand.

"No, not now," he whispered, when she would have pressed up with words of sympathy.

She obeyed, feeling that somehow this was a different brother.

Caradoc stood silent and bareheaded until the last of the party had left the churchyard. Then he spoke quickly. "Vi, I meant to have gone to Greenhead, but I think, now I have seen you, I had better go straight home—to my father himself."

"Oh, Crad, I don't know! Suppose he flies out at you. Let me run home

first and find mother, and let her tell him. Things have been very bad, Crad, worse than we knew."

"I can't linger about here. Every one wonders at me," said Caradoc. "Go straight home then, Vi, along the road, and I'll turn up by the fell—I can wait about at the back of the stables until you come out to me. No one will meet me if I go that way."

Viola agreed, and with another squeeze of his hand set off quickly along the valley. So many emotions were contending within her that they neutralized each other, and she felt nothing but longing to get home.

Caradoc turned off the frequented paths with relief. He wanted time. The past had risen up before him like a cloud in his path. Six months ago and what would this death, this funeral have been to him? Was it only yesterday that he was sitting making catalogues in the Ashenhead Museum? Only this morning that he had held Elsie's hand and looked into her sincere and innocent eyes? They shone upon him through the clouds.

But now there was the old place, the native air, the sense of home upon him, and with it the sense of the new relation in which he stood to this dear world—his own responsibilities towards it. Crossed by real pangs of grief for his brother came the sense that, poor, encumbered, shabby, as it all might be, he loved Cathrigg with a great and abiding affection—an affection that lay behind all human loves and in which most of these were rooted.

His heart was soft towards his father, bereaved of his best son. How could his father feel towards him now? Would he welcome him as the one left? Or turn from him who stood there alive, while Quentin, worth so much more, was dead.

He hurried on in the loneliness of the hillside, a loneliness which for him seemed full of familiar life. Once

across the torrent, he could look down at the house, and would soon see Vi coming to find him.

He stopped at the top of the bank and looked across it, and saw his father—face to face.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Lady Crosby stood at the front door of Cathrigg Hall looking out anxiously for her little boy, who had been missing all the morning. Nothing had ever reconciled her to the freedom with which the three elder ones had roamed the hills as soon as they could stand on their feet, and Giles, Molly and Mab were not supposed to go out of the grounds without their governess. But Giles was as hard to keep in sight as a kitten, and to-day he had run out to feed his rabbits and had never come back again. There were, of course, plenty of "dangerous places," but practically the boy was very unlikely to come to harm. Little feet grow early into sympathy with the soil which they tread—and children know better when places are "dangerous" than their elders do. Poor little Miss Woodley, a town-bred girl, chosen because she had a south-country accent, usually gave herself up out of doors entirely to her pupils' guidance, and was pulled up, down and over difficult places regardless of her own convictions of their feasibility.

But Lady Crosby had never climbed the fells; she would have taken a regulation mountain walk if she had gone to the lakes or to Scotland, but she did not like the gloomy crags round Marsdale, and the inexorable dictates of public opinion did not compel her to admire them.

Giles was certainly very naughty in playing truant. He had run off like a little black-legged, black-faced mountain lamb, and his mother did not realize that he was nearly as sure-footed.

Lady Crosby was almost at the end of her patience. Every month made life harder to bear, her nerves were tried, and her spirits ready to fail her.

Could Giles have run after his sister? Surely Vi would not take him out without leave for the whole morning. Besides, he had been in the schoolroom till eleven, now it was past one. Here, however, was Viola coming quickly over the grass at the back.

"Oh, Vi! have you seen Giles?"

"No, mother," said Viola as she came near, "I have seen some one else though."

"Giles ran out at eleven—I am sure Miss Woodley doesn't look after him carefully enough. It is time he was at school—"

"Mother," interposed Vi, "never mind about Giles. He'll be all right. There's something much more important. Crad is here."

"Crad?"

"Yes. He has come back. He knows about Quentin. He's all right. But, mother, you must find my father and tell him. Crad's coming by the back way. Don't let papa fly out at him before he has had time to think."

Viola threw herself upon her mother, grasping her eagerly, while Lady Crosby, still with wandering eyes and half-wondering thoughts, exclaimed with a certain fretfulness:

"Crad should have written! Your father's in the library. What can we do, Vi? He will forbid him to come. And Giles—"

Viola turned away and stamped her foot, with the sharp sense that the mother's eagerness was not for her and hers.

"I'll have to go to papa," she said, "but he is angry with me."

"My dear," said Lady Crosby, "I'm not myself. There has been more than I can bear, and I am worried about Giles. But I'll go to your father. Do you mean that Crad is really here?"

"Yes. Coming in a few minutes. Oh, mother, get father to let him come home!"

Lady Crosby gave one last wandering anxious glance round the landscape.

"Why, there is Crad!" she cried, "running fast."

Down from the hill at the back, across the grass, came Caradoc, at full speed and with a white, terrified face.

He slackened his pace as he saw the two ladies together; but still came up to them fast and straight.

"Oh, Crad, you have found Giles. He is hurt?" cried Lady Crosby for all greeting.

"No, no. But my father has had a fall; I'm afraid he is hurt. Where's Daniel? And George Fleming? They must come and help me and bring something to carry him. No, mother, you couldn't get there. Vi, you'd better not come."

Want of self-possession was not Viola's failing. She darted off in search of help.

Lady Crosby looked dazed and stupid.

"Where?" she said. "Has he broken his leg? Take me there at once!"

"He saw me across the brook," said Caradoc, "and he fell as he tried to cross it. I don't know. I'm not sure. I must get back quick. I had to leave him alone. But, dear mother, don't try to come."

"My dear, I must come," said Lady Crosby. "Go back to him—quick. I'll get some brandy and follow you at once."

"Yes—yes! That's best," said Crad, hardly able to speak. "Find Vi, mother dear. You won't faint, will you?"

"Faint? Oh no, I never faint," said Lady Crosby, hurrying away from him, while he turned and rushed up the hill again.

"He is killed," said Lady Crosby to

herself, "and Giles is gone too, most likely. But I must go to him and do for him to the very last."

She went into the house and got the brandy, telling the maids that there had been an accident, with complete calmness, and then she walked straight up the hill path, looking round mechanically for the missing child, and hurrying as much as her unaccustomed feet would permit. She saw Vi flying ahead of her, while her maid Lawson, who liked Cathrigg even less than herself, and only endured it for her sake, came up to her carrying remedies and offering her arm.

Lady Crosby took it; but she did not speak. She was not consciously thinking of anything but of getting up the hill quickly; but visions—premature, incongruous, utterly unsuitable—of present and future—flashed across her mind.

A phonograph of our involuntary thoughts or brain impressions at a moment of crisis would surprise many of us.

Lady Crosby had seen in her mind's eye her husband's funeral, and the black-frocked children, before she came up panting to the brook-side.

"Giles isn't there!" she said, even as the farm men and gardeners came close on her steps bearing a gate with a horsecloth thrown over it. She gasped and almost cried out, then looking down the bank she saw her husband's large frame lying on the further side of the stream, with Caradoc holding his head and Viola kneeling beside him.

"Caradoc! my dear, my dear!" cried Lady Crosby, as she scrambled down the bank, and through the shallow brook, dropping on her knees with her skirts in the swirling waters, and took her husband's hand.

"He's gone!" she said, gazing into his face.

"Oh no—no!" cried Caradoc. "It's my fault—my doing! But let us take

him home. Here, Fleming! Mother—Vi—get up.”

Neither wife nor daughter made extra trouble. They gave what help they could, and, with great difficulty, Sir Caradoc's tall, heavy frame was carried up the bank by his son and the other men and laid upon the gate, and then awkwardly, for they were ignorant and unhandy, carried down the steep hill path, Viola rushing down in front to make ready for him, and Lady Crosby walking beside him, and now and then speaking to him.

“Caradoc, my dear, can you hear me? There! he moved a little”—while Lawson kept close beside her sobbing.

“You don't see Master Giles, Lawson?” suddenly said Lady Crosby, turning round as they neared the house, though she knew there was but one answer.

They carried in their heavy burden and laid it down on the broad leather sofa in the library, while the women began to try first remedies, and then experiments in search of signs of life.

Caradoc sent off a man on the old pony for the doctor, and Viola, going in search of some useless thing, met Miss Woodley in the hall.

“Oh, Miss Crosby, I can't find Giles anywhere. I'm sure I thought he was in the yard. He is the most tiresome child—Lady Crosby will blame me—”

“She won't think about you. My father's fallen down, and I believe he's dead,” said Vi.

Caradoc came out of the library to her side.

“Yes, Vi, he is,” he said, under his breath; “but let mother doubt it till the doctor comes.”

Miss Woodley gasped and burst into tears, but the son and daughter were quite calm and still.

The doctor from Ashby was fortunately caught at a cottage close by, where a new little life was making its

entrance into the world, even as the old one left it.

The verdict was quickly given. There had been a blow on the head against the rock, but the cause of death was probably heart-failure from the shock. Sir Caradoc's heart had not been in a satisfactory state.

“How did it happen? Who was there?” asked the doctor. “It is fortunate that you are at home, Mr. Caradoc.”

“I was coming home,” said Caradoc, “my father saw me across the brook, and fell in trying to come to meet me. At least, I—I think so.”

Caradoc was white and shaken. He began to realize what had happened.

“You will be the only witness at the inquest. There must, of course, be an inquest,” said the doctor, looking at him rather curiously, and secretly wondering what the story of his long absence was.

Then there came a time of hasty consultation and arrangement. The doctor undertook to drive over to Greenhead Howe and to bring back Mr. Quince and Mrs. Penaluna, “who,” as he said, “might be useful.” Viola, with an impulse to get away from the house, ran out to the fell side and shouted for Giles, while Miss Woodley gave the two awed and tearful little girls their dinner.

Lady Crosby stood at the window and watched for her boy. The awful trouble seemed unrealized, and so to speak, spoiled by the nervous tension of doubt and suspense.

Caradoc, the banished, disgraced, unconsidered boy, stood in the hall alone. He was the master, on whom all the arrangements rested. Yet he could think of nothing to do.

Presently Vi came running in, holding Giles by the shoulder.

“Here he is, the naughty boy!” she cried, with a certain relief in speaking natural words. “I met him coming

down the fell, but where he has been he will not say."

The instant the nervous tension was over and Lady Crosby came to herself, she kissed Giles gravely.

"You must go to Miss Woodley," she said, "she will attend to you. The trouble is too great to think of you now."

Giles was a small, pale, rather impish-looking child, but with the fine blue eyes of the Crosbys. He looked at his mother and he looked at Caradoc, but without testifying any surprise at seeing him, then slipped upstairs to the schoolroom.

There was so much to do that none of them did anything, so many questions to ask that they sat in blank silence, till in a wonderfully short space wheels were heard, and Mr. Quince, the doctor and Biddums were there.

Quince Crosby's thin, pale face did not show feelings quickly. He shook hands silently with Caradoc, and followed him into the library, where he stood looking down on his dead brother.

"Peace be with him!" he said, after a minute or two, while somehow the familiar voice woke Caradoc from his stupor, the tears welled into his eyes, he trembled and could not speak.

"You were with him?" said Quince, as they withdrew. Caradoc nodded.

"Did he see you?"

"Yes."

"Speak to you?"

"He spoke—he fell—down the bank. I ran to him, I just caught hold of him, but he slipped down. I think he was gone in a moment."

"Did he know you?"

"No, he said—Quentin!"

"Well, there has to be the farce of an inquest, doctor tells me. You can show that the fall was accidental. Now, what is to be done?"

There was a brief consultation, which resulted in telegrams being sent to

Edward Mason, to the Miss Tremadocks and to the family man of business at Northborough, who could come at once and help to make arrangements.

The family burying-place was not at the little Marsdale Church, nor even at Ashby, but at Kirk-Marsby, a town over on the other side of Marsby Moor, the mother church of Marsdale and of fifteen other dependent parishes. The Crosbys had once owned much land there, their tombs were there for generations, and they still owned some vague and vain manorial rights over the district.

Only Mr. Quince remembered the funeral of his brother's first wife at Kirk-Marsby. He remembered it very well indeed. He had walked by his brother's side, but no word had passed between them.

It slowly dawned on Caradoc, as his uncle spoke of these arrangements, that it rested with him to confirm them. With a dull horror he realized that he was the master, that the poor battered crown had fallen to him.

Quentin, who had grown up to know himself the heir, who had been loved and honored, with filial tears and natural regret, would have straightened himself and taken his place and done and said the thing that was right.

But he, Caradoc, the son who knew himself unforgiven, the younger brother left alone, what could he do, or say?

He sat down on an old oak bench in the hall, and watched Biddums and the other women moving in and out of the library. Lady Crosby and Mr. Quince consulted in the morning-room. Presently Viola came and sat down by his side, and put her hand through his arm. The children were hidden away with their governess in the schoolroom, sheltered from the mystery and grief of the day.

These older children passed out of that childhood, which lasts on beyond

the teens, as they sat in silence holding each other by the hand.

Caradoc had heard of Quentin's death, had parted with Elsie, had seen his first love in her widow's garb, and met his father face to face, had seen him fall and die, and now stood in his place. These events called upon him for such great, such tragic feelings, that no feelings came to him at all, only thoughts and visions. He was of those who picture grief and give it inward words.

"It is like the other side of death," he thought, and Vi only squeezed his hard hand.

Presently he knew he was sick and faint.

"Vi," he said stupidly, "I believe I'm hungry, I've had no food to-day."

He felt mean and wicked, but he could not think of anything else but the physical need.

"Come along," said Viola, and drew him into the dining-room, where there was still cold meat and bread and beer on the table.

They sat down and ate and drank. They did not speak, they felt as if they were doing wrong, but Crad's head grew clearer, and the first dreadful bewilderment passed. When he stood up again he felt that it had all happened a long time ago, and he was

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quite used to being fatherless and brotherless.

Meanwhile Giles and his little sisters had been told the sad truth, in words suited to their comprehension by Miss Woodley, very nervous herself and anxious to do the right thing.

"God has taken away dear papa. They must be very good and comfort poor mummy, and Giles must never run away by himself again."

"Shall we do lessons this afternoon?" said Mab, after a minute.

"No," said Miss Woodley, "I think not; we'll take out the Bible puzzle."

Some time passed in the decorous and suitable occupation of fitting the various pieces of Joseph's life together; but in an interval Giles whispered to Molly:

"Moll, I knew before she told us."

"Did you?" said Moll.

"Yes, I was hiding behind a rock, for I saw papa. And I saw Crad come up to the beck, and papa saw him and tumbled down. Then mummy came and Vi. Don't you tell I saw. I don't want to tell."

Molly nodded. The little Crosbys did not always find their ideas meet with quick comprehension from their elders.

But Caradoc was not the only witness of his father's death.

Christabel Coleridge.

(To be continued.)

HOME THROUGH SIBERIA.

Habarofska, May 20, 1901.—I started from Shanghai with a vague hope that, arrived at Vladivostok, I should be able to take a through ticket, and thus be guided as to the direct route. All I knew was that from Vladivostok to Habarofska you travelled by train in something like thirty hours, from there

to Blagovestschensk—the scene of last summer's ghastly massacre—by steamer, then by another smaller steamer to Stretensk, thence to Irkutsk somehow by train, and that from Irkutsk twice a week there was a train *de luxe* to Moscow with every comfort. In the first instance, it took me a very long time

to get from Shanghai to Vladivostok, the comfortable Nippon Yusen Kaisha line finding it only worth while to run one boat instead of two, trade having fallen off owing to the very high preferential duties the Russians have put on against English and American goods --twenty-two cents on a pound weight of paper, which might cost eight cents, and twenty cents on each pound weight of canned peaches, and the like.

There was not a room to be had at Vladivostok--this is said to be its normal condition, but a large new hotel is building--and as all the steamers from Habarovska up the Amur were already booked for ever so long, I at once presented my letter of introduction to the Governor, General Tchitchagoff, an ideal Russian general, tall and slight and delightful. He strongly advised my waiting till I could hear of a place in a steamer; but, I urged, some one might fall ill and leave a vacancy at the last moment, and in reality I had not so far got anywhere to wait, for the steamer was naturally going away again; so then he telegraphed that I was leaving by the train next day, and that either room must be found for me on a steamer, or, if that were impossible, in an hotel, for at Habarovska, too, they were said to be all full. "You will be met by the head of the police," he added, and I at once felt quite safe. "But at Irkutsk," I pleaded, "might I not get into some difficulty?" "You could not get into any difficulty at Irkutsk. At Stretensk perhaps. But I have already telegraphed to Stretensk that an officer shall meet you there. You speak French and German? Ah, that is all right. The Captain who meets you at Habarovska is a German." Every one had told me that with French and German I should get on perfectly, but they would really be much more useful in England than in Eastern Siberia.

We do at least print our *menus* in French.

Vladivostok is finely situated, but if it is exactly like Constantinople--its harbor is called the Golden Horn--Constantinople must be a great deal less beautiful than I have believed. It is a terribly dusty, windy place, with a number of fine new buildings, and during two months, at least, of summer is said to be all fogs. It is also full of Chinese and Coreans, by whom everything done is said to be done, and 1,500 more Chinese were just arriving in a steamer. They came from Shantung, known of late as the German province, one of the poorest and most ignorant parts of China. I did not find it the least interesting, any more than the line of rail thence, at first skirting the sea, with rather pretty views, then through very desolate flat country, after that through woods of fir and silver birch, gradually becoming hilly. At the stations, on the other hand, the people were full of interest. There was always a row of women selling milk and bread, with fair madonna faces, and clothed in deep red and white cotton gowns, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads; and groups that looked like emigrants camping out beside their worldly possessions, but I was told that they were only people come into market. From the train would spring out a dusty tangle of soldiers, some looking very fierce in round fur caps, rather like our Grenadiers' bearskins cut short and rounded, only the fur standing out in fierce shocks all round their faces, some in white summer clothes, some in winter coats.

Then there would be Coreans, Chinese, Japanese and smart-looking Russian officers. We passed the station where the general who lately commanded in Peking is quartered, and saw officers coming in with those huge Chinese red leather pockets covered

with gilded Chinese characters and bats, signifying happiness.

Habarofska, situated among hills on the right hand of the Ussuri, just where the Amur makes a great curve to receive it, is so like a Canadian town on the Pacific coast that it seemed quite odd to see all the men in Russian uniform, always driving as fast as possible in two-horse droskies, with coachmen in long, black, full-skirted, sleeveless coats and red shirts, and rather coquettish little high hats with very narrow twirled brims. The worst class of the very mixed population, I was told, are the Armenians, though, as in all this population of 18,000 there have been only two murders in the last three years, this does not seem to be saying a great deal. My informant, of course, was the head of the police, who received me standing very erect in a beautiful white uniform with a long gray overcoat, such as every Russian officer wears there; and Habarofska is nothing but a large garrison town, or a village of generals, as my friends there called it.

What I understand less than ever after coming this way is the idea of the irresistible wave of overflowing Russian population, that must sweep down and engulf Manchuria, seeing this country is hardly peopled at all, and that so far it is quite the other way, the overflowing population of China and Corea brimming over and doing all the work done in Eastern Siberia. Even in this British Columbian town there is a strong Manchu element, the roads are as wide as in Peking, also full of ruts, so that driving in a drosky moves one about more than walking. The roofs of the churches and many of the public buildings, though not of glittering tiles as in Peking, are at least painted green, and when the people go into church they offer candles and light before the different images, and *k'o teo*, or

prostrate themselves, and knock their heads upon the floor as they do all over China in Buddhist temples. Of course, I remember now seeing this in the Russian church at Geneva and in London, but it looks more exactly the same thing when one sees a peasant or soldier do it with just the same dumb, dazed expression the Chinese so often wear.

Last year all the soldiers went away to China, so that arms were served out to civilians to defend themselves, and the people at Habarofska think those at Blagovestschensk must have been panic-stricken to have committed such a dreadful massacre. No officer responsible for it has committed suicide since, as the newspapers reported, and it cannot have been General Gribsky's fault, the Governor, he is so well known as the kindest of men. They say: "It was not our men who were cruel in China. It was the other nations. Oh, you have no idea what the Germans are!" And first one, then another, says: "Our soldiers used to write home, and I have seen their letters—'Dear Mamma, you will not believe what dreadful things are done here. The Germans make the Chinese dig pits, and then order them to get inside and cover them up all alive.'" God knows if this is true, but certainly many English soldiers and sailors have told me how they marched behind the Russians and found every thing killed—women, babies, dogs, cocks—everything slashed at and nothing living left. Moreover, another lady tells me all the soldiers who went from here were either Bourliats—that is, Mongols under Russian rule—or the outcome of mixed unions between Russians and Mongols. The soldiers at Vladivostok looked like this, and as dirty as possible. The soldiers at Habarofska look clean, and so good-humored, as if they had been sucking sugar ever since they were born.

All the tidily dressed little girls go-

ing to school—and of course they are all going to school—look for all the world like little Canadian girls going to school; but the boys do not look at all like Canadian boys, for they are in the Cadets' School, dressed like little soldiers, and already well drilled, so that they blushingly put their feet together and make the most beautiful bows.

It is the peasant women's expression, however, that strikes me the most; they look for the most part as if they had thought and felt so much, and were women of great width of character.

A law that strikes me as curious is that no Russian may return into the Russian dominions, if he has changed his religion. Thus the vilest of the vile may, but not Roman Catholics or Protestants from conviction. When I taxed the waiter here with not understanding my Russian because he was Japanese, he said, "No! Russian." It was impossible to believe that, and it turned out he was a Corean. "But I am Orthodox, I am Orthodox," the poor fellow repeated.

I at last succeeded in getting a place in the third post boat of the season, sailing May 21. Never was any one more astonished than I when it was granted to me. People were weeping for places, the whole traffic having been disorganized by twenty-seven nurses, coming back from the China War, having been suddenly precipitated on to the last already overfull post boat. Simply out of idleness I walked on to the *Baron Korff*, found that it was a splendid large boat, and after examining all the accommodation, no one interfering with me, saw the usual group of captain and agents sitting round a table, and asked if I could have at least a corner anywhere. It was contrary to their rules, they said, to put up any one in that way, but in the end they gave me a place, and I took care to pay

for it there and then, that there might be no mistake.

Blagovestschensk, May 27, Whitmonday.—I believe it was partly the horror I felt at the very name of this city, that made me come this way. It was difficult sitting under the trees on the promenade by the river, watching the Sunday crowd, to believe that these people—these—only last summer drove all their Chinese servants and employes on to impossible rafts on the river and drowned them to the number of 5,000. "If it had not been their own faithful servants no one would have said a word," said a Russian lady. "But that they should do that!" "It was all a mistake. No one intended it," said a most kind-hearted Russian official. "I cannot think how it occurred. The only way I can explain it is that there must have been a mistake about a telegram. General Gribsky telegraphed to the Governor at Habarofska, when the Chinese on the opposite bank of the river attacked the Russians, asking for instructions, and the Governor telegraphed back, 'In war, burn and destroy,' and they did not notice the 'In war,' and just drove into the river all the Chinese in Blagovestschensk, and when the poor women threw their children on to the shore begging them at least to save their children, they killed the children with their swords. It was never intended at all. No one ever meant that."

Walking along by the river side watching all the holiday makers it seemed impossible to believe in the scene, in which the very people I saw must have been the actors. Over there on the opposite shore I could with difficulty discern some ruined remains of what had been Sahaline. We had already on the four-days voyage up passed by two ruined Chinese villages, or towns, burnt last summer—I did not see Aigun—it is supposed that the peo-

ple from them may have escaped into the interior of Manchuria, but it is noteworthy that Jules Legras in 1898, in his charming "En Sibérie," writes of all the cultivation he sees being done by the hands of the Chinese, and the Russians consoling themselves even then, in 1898, by saying: "Bah! One fine day we will drive them all out."

The evening lights and placid green reflections make of the Amur a very pretty river, but although we have passed the wooded hills of the Khineghana, through which the river winds for about twenty-five miles, greatly narrowed, yet there is nothing so far to make one specially wish to see it. Though one evening the many islands, the diversity of channels, the hardness of the pairs of wild ducks, who would hardly trouble to rise even when we were quite near, together with the sweet songs of some other birds—unknown—and a long drawn-out beautiful sunset, altogether constituted a scene of great charm.

It is touching to see house after house with all its garden in its windows. But in spite of a certain appearance of wealth, this place illustrates somewhat strikingly the statement, which I had not realized before coming here, that there is in Siberia neither nobility nor aristocracy. Had there been any leaders among the people, surely the massacre of last year could not have been committed, even had a governor *misunderstood* another governor's telegram.

I happened to hear of an amateur who sold his photographs, and, as I continued to praise them, he said at last he had others, and then produced a set full of interest—the steamer that was stopped by the Manchus at Aigun, forty versts below Blagovestschensk, and fired upon, thus beginning the war in those parts, as the Russians say; the service held upon the first steamer sent out with Russian soldiers to fight

against the Manchus; the first steamer to break the blockade after no steamer had come up river for nineteen days. There it was, all dressed with captured Chinese flags, bringing back sick and wounded, and all the people of Blagovestschensk crowding on to the Bund and into the public garden to welcome it, evidently full of joy. "There were not less than 4,000 killed at Aigun, certainly," said the photographer gravely. But the surgeon-major of a Cossack regiment said to me afterwards, "Why it was a big city—27,000 inhabitants—and they were all killed—all! Look at this photograph of General Gribsky, the Governor; he is, you know, the Attaman, the head of all the Cossacks of the district, and holds a quite exceptional position. Oh! you think him handsome. He is certainly. But do you not think there is something very cruel in his face?" There was certainly. A ruthless man he looked! There was a picture of the religious service at Sahaline. "After the destruction of it?" I asked. "A thanksgiving service for its being now a Russian post." Even its name blotted out and changed into Ilinsky Post, and there, of course, was Gribsky, the Governor, prominent! "And four Popes assisted!" remarked a Russian naval officer, in a tone of great contempt for them, when he saw the picture. "You know Gribsky has been reprimanded, very decidedly reprimanded, by our Emperor," said another. I have since heard that General Orlov, in command of the expeditionary force into Manchuria from the west, was also reprimanded, and that he used to append to his telegrams, "I entreat to be allowed to spare the peaceful inhabitants." There was still another photograph, taken by Gribsky's order, of the ruins yet smoking, and a party of ladies of Blagovestschensk in the foreground gone over to enjoy the spectacle. There was

also a photograph of the ruins of Aigun, and of course others of the Cossacks as they came back in the winter, wearing Chinese caps or clothes, or anything they had been able to get hold of; as also of the volunteers who had been called out to serve. I had not realized before that all these Cossacks of the Amur, having been transported here by Government, have had lands assigned them, and are one and all bound to serve for four years, some time or other before they are forty. And those who serve have nothing given them, and have always to be ready at two hours notice, to go anywhere, do anything, so, naturally, it must be very difficult to control them. It is, however, evident from these photographs that at the time these massacres were considered religious duties rather than things to be ashamed of and passed over in doubt and uncertainty as now.

Curiously enough I see no drinking, and think sadly how much one generally sees amongst Europeans on even the shortest voyage in China.

Irkutsk, June 13.—Some of the cliffs are very fine. Khorsakoff's, on the top of which all the Cossacks of the district assemble and give the Cossack Hourra when a Governor passes, I was assured was 800 feet high. The evening of our second day out from Blagovestschensk we passed the wonderful burning mountain. The river took two right-angled turns and on the left or Russian bank there was a white cliff with yellow screes of broken fragments, and every here and there, in somewhat interrupted lines under the highest parts of the cliffs, smoke coming out through coal blackened by burning. I am told it is coal not quite formed, that burns by reason of the pressure. Among the fir-trees behind clouds of smoke were rising. The Russians declare there is no sulphur there, nor any connection with the naphtha

springs we passed the night before, but without seeing them.

Our new steamer is altogether too crowded for comfort, whilst all the steamers we meet seem full to bursting of emigrants from Little Russia, coming to be given lands, and as a rule people say, *not* to work upon them; but we met one that for a while seemed to make the whole river grow sadder. It was just then a very still, peaceful scene, and there came floating down the river from the west a steamer that at once attracted my attention to something stiff about the way in which the soldiers stood on the deck in front, and then I saw there were other soldiers standing equally stiffly aft, and gradually I became aware the passengers were within a cage as it were; first, a compartment of women, all trying to look out; then a larger compartment of men, equally full, and all trying to see out too, but all alike behind a grating. It seemed to darken all the scene to think of human beings who thus have to be treated like wild beasts. On our own steamer we have a man whose walk made me pity him. "Whenever you see a man take those little steps, carrying his hands in front like that," said the Cossack doctor, "you may know he has worn a chain for fifteen or twenty years, and has had his hands chained in front too probably." It is sad! But, seeing what human beings walk about without chains, I am not for unchaining all the others at once. If only the right ones get behind the bars! In any case it is pitiful. And those caged men and women, with soldiers on guard fore and aft, steaming in a splashing stern-wheeler down the long, lovely reaches of the Amur, will remain a memory forever.

From Stretensk to Irkutsk the railway journey is so arranged as to tire the strongest. The last day, the fourth, be it noted, we were told we should arrive at Lake Baikal at 3.30 A.M., and

then the customs would come and examine all our little things, so most ladies said they should not undress, but we did not get on to our steamer, the *Angara*, till after eight. Those were a tiresome four hours. Then when we arrived at Baikal Station on the other side of the lake we were kept waiting for three mortal hours with *nothing* even to eat by way of amusement, for every one had eaten everything they could at the excellent steamer restaurant. In all stations one sees crowds of people wearily camping round their worldly possessions, but now my first-class fellow-passengers were brought down to the ground in like manner, for there was not room for half of them in the little waiting-room. And they all seemed to grow cross in the process. It is trying. With difficulty you collar a porter, count your things over with him, with difficulty keep up with him whilst he goes always a very long way with the lightest, then watch over them till he returns with the others. Then you watch and watch till you can engage another porter for the train, count the things over with him, and there you wait, and keep an eye upon them and upon him for three mortal hours, never knowing in the least when the final moment will come at which you stand two deep, owner and porter, in line, always it seems to me like so many tigers ready to spring on the tardy train. "Do you not see, Madame, there is my sword?" "Pardon, but is not coupé for ladies written outside?" Every man's hand is against every man for the minute. Only afterwards comes the "I hope you are comfortably seated, etc." I did not sit on the floor brooding over my bags like my friends at Baikal, being too much interested in the prisoners, who had been travelling by the train we were to get into, behind barred windows and guarded by soldiers with very blunt bayonets. They

were going all ways, for some had got down out of our train at Verkhne Oudinsk, among them a Chinese. I felt so sorry for him, I asked leave to talk to him, and there seemed to be no objection, only I heard the sergeant always asking what I said, and it was quite a little lesson to hear the translation. What struck me most, however was the change in the man's expression. He looked a sullen, very hang-dog sort of Chinaman, but after a little chat I should have been quite ready to have engaged him as a servant on the strength of his very bright, pleasant countenance. The hang-dog look was there again, however, as the poor fellow was marched off. He would not tell me what he had done or was supposed to have done; but I noticed he had almost no worldly possessions, whilst some of his Russian fellow prisoners had a great many, some beautiful rolls of rugs with fine new straps. A number more prisoners crossed the Baikal with us, and then the train, that was to take us away, arrived with three carriages full. So, instead of watching my possessions, I was seeing the prisoners helped out of the carriages—the men are almost always helped, for the carriages are very high, and with their feet shackled by heavy chains they can hardly manage the big step. They have a very disfiguring dress, but the ugliest part is having half the hair shaved off both head and face. The women also have half their heads shaved, but they keep them covered with shawls. They all looked a very dreadful set, and when the men went jumping along to get their food with their chains clanking it almost made me laugh, it looked so funny, though I had been near crying over them for some time before. For it is an awful thought, these numbers of human beings entrained this way and that in chains and guarded for fear of the harm they would do if let loose. After

photographing them I went to the end of the jetty and enjoyed the wonderfully bright green lights in the clear waters of the Baikal Lake. The shimmering waters were wonderfully translucent and vivid, the mountains on the side we came from had much snow upon them, and the lake is a fine lake, but the bit we saw does not approach for beauty the Lake of Geneva, nor half a dozen other lakes I could name. Just where the Angara flows out to join the Yenisei and so proceeds to the Arctic Ocean really is a fine bit. But I have seen no scenery yet specially worth coming to see, unless the fantastically varied Shilka would be in favorable weather—we saw it dimly through the smoke of forest fires. The Angara, however, greatly fascinated me. The formation is conglomerate—rather new and loose—with coal. Two young engineers who had been five days camping out on the Taiga after big game, had found indications of a gold mine, and were greatly excited, thinking what a splendid site it would be with water carriage at the door. But it is a very difficult river to navigate, so strong a current, and with very little water, seeing how widely it spreads out. In any other country but Siberia we should have arrived at Irkutsk by noon; as it was, we arrived just after sunset, and, alas! before doing so, between us and the river we saw overturned a great locomotive and tender, where a freight train had been smashed up a few days before and six persons killed, as I was told. I have made no comments upon the railroad, knowing my own ignorance, but could not help noticing that the bank had been cut away to let the train run along by the Angara, and instead of having been sloped it had been cut perpendicularly, even in some parts leaving the top overhanging. We had to wait whilst a recent fall of earth was cleared away; it had been only a few

stones that had fallen and turned the engine of the freight train off the lines. Any day a big accident may occur. One cannot understand how it should not have done so already. Perhaps it has. It certainly will, unless some steps be taken to cut away the overhanging bank. There is not even a cow-catcher on the engine. We killed a cow, and were pulled up short in consequence. There is no pilot-engine going before to see that all is in order for the train. Some high official is supposed every month to go over the lines. I was assured he had not done so for a year.

We have now to wait from Tuesday evening till Friday night, or rather Saturday morning, 12.30, for the express, and even at the booking-office here they have no time-table, and at first tell me I shall not arrive at Moscow till Sunday week, then say, "No, it must be Saturday week, for trains arrive at Moscow Tuesdays and Saturdays, and you cannot arrive on Tuesday. Oh! the hour? Seven o'clock by Petersburg time, I believe. Well, that will be about the same as at Moscow."

In all these Siberian cities the museums are a great pleasure, serving as illustrated handbooks to the locality, and the young curator being kind enough to devote a morning of his holidays to me, I learned more than I otherwise could have done, for it seems so absurd that all Irkutsk should have gone out of town for the summer just as if it were Naples or New York. I suppose, whenever I arrive at Nova Zembla, I shall be told people have gone away for the hot weather just as in other places. Here everything is already shut up till mid September, and a great part of it is being rebuilt. When there is the new bridge over the Angara, leading from the grand new station to the new hotel, travellers will probably find the place quite different;

but not as different as it must be now from what it was, when prehistoric men, whose relics I saw at the museum, lived just here where Irkutsk now stands, through the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron, using nephrite whose edge is still sharp for axe-heads, and carving mammoths' teeth cunningly. Such mammoths, too, to judge by their enormous tusks! When I saw the lumps of beautiful blue lapis lazuli from the south of Lake Baikal I wished I could have gone for an excursion or two there. When, however, I saw the large elks with many-branched antlers, and the dreadfully fierce-looking wild cattle with their curiously flattened horns, that are still wandering about Lake Baikal, I was not so sure. But the people always interest me most, and there were models of a couple from Yakoutsk, apparently the original Turks, with Turkish ornaments and accessories all round them. Then there were decadent Bouriards with wizened cheeks and battered-looking mandarins' hats, and Mongols, and another race, closely approaching both, and again so like the Tartars. Truly these museums are a revelation as to the number and diversity of races that Russia is trying to govern, and show, as I did not understand before, at how many points her interests and those of her subjects come into contact inevitably with those of Manchuria, China and Thibet.

But the chief feature of Irkutsk is the multiplicity of churches, and the Russians are evidently sufficiently akin to the Chinese to know how to place their buildings so as to be an ornament to their surroundings. These churches, with their many green-roofed domes and delicate green spires shooting heavenwards, look as if they were but the natural efflorescence of the groves, among which they are so often placed. For the rest, the city has mostly wooden foot pavements, and is

apt to be hidden in a cloud of dust. But from the hill behind the station, Irkutsk, seen thus from afar, looks wonderfully beautiful, even more so than Moscow, and there is one feature inside of it that gave me great pleasure—it is the number of young women, generally with cropped heads and unduly big waists, but evidently brimming over with good spirits. I wished so much I could talk to them and hear their ideas, for undoubtedly they are full of ideas. I shall always think of Irkutsk as the city of merry young women. And if girls in such good spirits cannot help a city forward in the right direction I do not know who can.

I have written so much of the difficulties of the journey as to pass over many of the emotions aroused by it. Before reaching Lake Baikal we crossed by a fine bridge a river, that had been for some time impressing me by its air of grandeur and mystery. When I learnt that it was the Selenga flowing into the Baikal from the sacred city of Urga I felt that my interest in it was accounted for; though even to myself I cannot quite explain the fascination it exercised from the first. The captain who brought us across the Baikal in the *Angara*, a strong steamer built by Armstrong, had been with Captain Wiggins up the Yenisei. We met the big *Baikal*, which takes three trains aboard, but ours only took us as passengers like any ordinary steamer. And neither is really strong enough for the lake, my captain said. He was the first Russian I had met who could really talk English. He talked it well.

Before entering upon all the comforts of the International Express, I must add that I at least have seen nothing of those terrible insects of which one hears so much, and that sanitary appliances are decidedly better than I have found them in Southern Europe; nowhere yet, however, have I had bed-

clothes offered me, nor got them when I asked for them, nor, I am sure, should I have liked to have used them if I had.

Crossing to England. June 2.—The train *de luxe* from Irkutsk to Moscow in nine days and nights all but five hours is very comfortable, and all its excellent patents work perfectly, the route also is much fuller of interest than I anticipated, and certainly Siberia is far more beautiful than the portions of Russia, Poland, Germany and Holland I have since traversed. Only on the fourth day do the steppes begin, and even then there were almost always trees. Till then the country had been quite park-like, clumps of scattered birch and fir or scattered trees placed as they would be in an English park, and the grass green and full of flowers, hardly any of those dreary stretches of burnt trees, that so disfigure the Canadian Pacific Railway, whilst the Taiga or virgin forest beyond looked much less virgin and savage than it does in Canada. I shall not easily forget one forest glade all rosy with single pink peonies. As a rule, the flowers were yellow lilies and purple columbines in great profusion, together with very bright blue forget-me-nots and orange yellow globe flowers, and meadow-sweet. But there were innumerable others. The great interest, however, was the huge rivers and the bridges over them, and the overcrowded trains we met or passed full of such extraordinary types in such varied national costumes. I unfortunately missed seeing the Ob, the biggest river in Asia, but I sat up the next night to see the Irtysh at Omsk, with the longest bridge. Before that on our second day out we crossed the Yenisei, a very fine-looking river, with low but very striking cliffs on its left bank, where we crossed it near Krasnoiarsk; and the Admiral's Flag Lieutenant, who shared my lavatory with me and

had been stationed there in a schooner, told me how fine the scenery was round about. Again on our seventh day we passed the grand Volga with enormously long rafts like serpents of huge tree trunks winding about on it, and many steamers, and huge tanks for the naphtha oil they bring up to Batrak from Batum—these tanks are said to be five times as deep below the earth as they stand up above it—and besides that we crossed the pleasant-looking Tom and many other rivers, but the most delightful was the white Ufa, which we followed down from the exceedingly pretty Ural—on our sixth day—from where it was quite a brook to where it cut through defiles on and on till at last rafts floated upon it, and then steamers, and it became a workaday river. The ascent of the Urals is perfectly delightful; they look as if one might spend pleasant weeks among them making excursions along their lovely roads. We passed by a bath, where people go for a Koumiss cure, Davlekanovo, full of Tartars in costume. Before that we passed a Khirghese town, Petropawlovsk, and every now and then met parties of Mohammedans with women partly unveiled and very haughty, and all the time there were quaintly costumed peasants from Little Russia and Great Russia crowding east to get the lands the Government gives to those who go. And one train we passed made one think a great deal. It was like all the others, so over full; and all the front carriages were full of men behind bars; men who had served their time as criminals in Siberia, and were going back now pardoned, but still as criminals under a guard. And behind them were carriages full of their wives and children and grandchildren, for many of them had been thirty years in Siberia.

A lady from Irkutsk told me how her cook had only served six years

but was always begging her to get a written permission for him to go back. He has married in Siberia and got a child, and his wife keeps a servant and is quite by way of being grand, and he, I was assured, looks quite like a fine gentleman when not cooking, but when he goes back it must be behind bars and guarded, and in company—such close company too—with all the other criminals. It seems hard. How difficult it must make it to settle down into any new way of life at home!

At Kurgan and Slatoust, on either side of the Urals, people all rush out to buy specimens of crystals and the less precious stones, knives and swords, or ironwork, or worked alabaster, or nephrite. It was quite a relief to buy something besides milk. There had been, so far, no luxuries of any kind. That must make it hard for people to live. Near Krasnolarsk I was told that the people of late had stolen the woodwork of the bridges several times, so as to make work for themselves, there being none to be had. But whether what I am told is true I never know.

The last two days after crossing the Volga were the least interesting; but even then, as one drew near to Moscow, Russia seemed a very pleasant country.

From Vladivostok to London I travelled for twenty-six days, but had besides compulsorily to spend fifteen days in delays—forty-one days altogether.

The National Review.

The trip from Nagasaki to London, including four days at Nagasaki, cost me only £58, hotels and all, and for that I got two days in marvellous Moscow and a day at Berlin too, where, what with the birds singing and all the linden-trees in flower, I had the most delightful taste of spring in Europe to add to the kaleidoscopic series of impressions that I only hope I shall retain, but of which already one is pressing another out of my brain. For, as I write, there rises up before me a confused vision of long-haired priests, with Christ-like faces, of good-natured, kindly, foolish-looking soldiers, of crowded prisoners, of beautiful Slav faces, of huge rivers, of millions and millions of silver birch-trees, of butterflies waking to life in clusters of a thousand or more at a time, of Cafghans, of Khirghese, of Yurtas by the way, of gypsies going to the Amur, Little Russians and Great Russians, and busy, go-ahead Berlin, of Moscow with its pictured walls and august faces, that made me thrill with emotion even after my nine days' train, of far-away Vladivostok and the courteous, kindly head of the police at Habarofska, of Chinese smiling friendlyly at me as I greeted them, and Coreans—said to be such hard workers outside of their own country—and all the way not one single English man or woman till yesterday.

It seems strange, and, what is worse is, I do not think we are wanted either.

Alicia Little.

BACK AGAIN.

It's back again and home again to hear the thrushes sing,
 To feel upon my face once more the breathing of the Spring—
 The fresh and gentle English breeze that stirs a wild desire
 And makes the step as light as air and sets the heart afire.

It's back again and home again! and never have I seen
 The hedgerows starting into life with brighter bursts of green;
 A dead and joyless sight they were when April had begun,
 But now they seem to sing with life beneath the kindly sun.

"Make haste, ye trees," the blackbird calls, "your shining white to don;
 The cherry-tree is ready robed, her bridal dress is on;"
 And out the modest blossoms peep, then flash into the light.
 And every blazing fruit-tree bears its coronal of white.

Let others praise their foreign skies and all the claims advance
 Of sun-steeped fields in Italy and vine-clad slopes in France;
 And let them sing the land of Spain and all that makes it fair—
 One dewy patch of English lawn is worth a province there.

One velvet patch of English lawn, and on it running free
 The little fair-haired, short-frocked maid who's all the world to me.
 Her hair outshines Italian suns, and all the flowers that grace
 The meads of France must fail to match the roses in her face.

So it's back again and home again! and when the evening comes
 We sit and hear the clash of swords, the rolling of the drums —
 (It's all a story old as old), and, lo, the trumpets call,
 And twenty thousand mail-clad men come spurring through the hall.

And maidens to the book-shelf bound (it serves in place of tree)
 Await the young, the gallant knight who rides to set them free;
 And giants in the corners lurk—beware! my dear, beware!—
 And little flitting fairy shapes play sentry on the stair.

"Goodnight, God bless you, Daddy," and so it's off to bed,
 And soon upon the pillow shines the curly little head,
 Ye tricky fairies, kind and gay, wing hither swift your flight,
 Oh, keep your watch about her cot and guard her through the night!

R. C. L.

A JACOBIN'S ROMANCE.

I.

Citizen Jean Marius Revel (his name had originally been Jean Marie), member of the "Convention," and of the "Comité de Salut Public," sat in the room that served him as private office.

It was a high narrow room, lit by one high narrow window, looking on a court wedged in between high narrow houses. The crude light of a chill May evening fell on walls bare save for a large oval mirror, on furniture limited to a few straight-backed chairs, one arm-chair covered in pale green satin, and a large brass-bound writing-table littered with dusty papers. Among these the Citizen Revel's elbows had found a resting-place as he sat lazily sketching pen-and-ink caricatures on the fly-leaf of a pamphlet held in his left hand.

The door behind him opened and a woman stepped in.

"There is a young person, Citizen Deputy, who asks to see you. She brought this letter. She is well-dressed, and—"

The servant paused and put a letter into her master's outstretched hand.

Revel glanced at it. "I know that writing," he remarked. Then, breaking into sudden laughter: "It is my Charlotte!" he cried. "Let her come, Fanchon, and tell her that I am not in my bath."

"But you have not read the letter?" queried the woman anxiously.

"Go to the devil!" returned Jean Marius.

Presently his eyes, fixed on the mirror which hung directly opposite them, saw therein reflected a face and figure that sent an odd thrill through his veins; for the one was fair and young

and refined—and so was Charlotte Corday's—and the other, carefully dressed in a black gown sprigged with lilac, did not lessen the likeness. "But Charlotte was a strapping woman," he thought, smiling to himself, "and this little one is so slender she would break between my finger and thumb, and she has a child's face."

He said: "Good evening, *citoyenne*. Please be seated," and indicated the green satin *fauteuil* which stood beyond the writing-table, in the full light from the curtainless window.

With a faint rustle of skirts drawn closer, the girl passed him and sat down. She could now see Revel's face for the first time, since hitherto in the republican simplicity of his manners he had kept his back towards her. It was a thin, long-nosed face by no means handsome, but possessing finely-marked eyebrows and eyes alert with a steady, keen intelligence. In dress the deputy did not affect any special simplicity, his stone-gray coat and breeches and pale yellow waistcoat being of the latest cut. Only his hair expressed his political sympathies, hanging disorderly over his forehead and about his throat, bare, since he had taken off his cravat and loosed his shirt-collar.

"I must look as if I were prepared for execution," he remarked; "but when one has spent the live-long day between the 'Comité' and the 'Convention' one is glad to be at one's ease. State your business, if you please."

"*Citoyen*, have you read the letter I brought?" The voice was young and clear, and had a slight tremor in it.

"No, *citoyenne*, I have not."

"It is from a friend of my father's, the *Citoyen* Labussière, reminding you that you also knew him. My late fa-

ther's name was Gabriel Duveyrnier. Do you remember him?"

"Perfectly—at the Jacobins Club. Gabriel Duveyrnier, agent and man of business, an amiable old man with a candid faith in human nature."

"Is it stupid to believe in human nature?" The girl spoke half lightly, half wistfully. Revel shrugged his shoulders.

"*Homo homini lupus*," he replied, "is a sentence worth pondering. What is it that you want of me, *citoyenne*?"

In the regular exchange of question and answer which passed between them, the answers were as firm and almost as ready as the questions, for Mademoiselle Duveyrnier had recovered composure or the brave semblance of it. She said:

"I am here to ask your influence on behalf of the *ci-devant* Marquis de la Lucière, a good republican and trustworthy citizen, arrested by mistake for his cousin, the *ci-devant* Marquis de la Lucière de Varennes, who is an *émigré*."

"What proofs has he given of *civisme*?"

"Till the law of *Brumaire* came into force, he held more than one civic office at Vitré; all the municipality joined in a petition for his release, and a deputation came to Paris to present it. Had my father been alive he would have done his utmost for the same object, being La Lucière's man of business and having the highest opinion of him."

"How old is this father of the Commune, this republican patriarch?"

"He is—I think he is about thirty-five."

The citizen raised his expressive eyebrows. "He is young for the part. You are in love with him?"

A delicate flush turned the girl's face rose-color, but her wide open gray eyes met the deputy's glance unflinchingly, without confusion and without defiance. "I could not even call him my friend. I have spoken to him five times

in my life; twice when I was a child, and three times since his arrest."

"I am answered," returned Revel. If he meant a sneer it missed its mark; he continued a trifle roughly: "Are your relations mad to let you run about the prisons, a little white lamb like you?"

"My brother-in-law goes with me, *citoyen*."

"Then why is he not with you to-day?"

"He was occupied."

"Confess that you never told him you were coming here?"

"It is true."

"You know that you risk your life, then? Yes"—as Mademoiselle Duveyrnier made a protesting gesture—"your life, I say. Many men would argue that a girl who asked for an aristocrat's liberty deserved to lose her own."

"But, *citoyen*, you are reputed a man of good sense, and they are rare, I know."

"Especially in these days?"

"In all days, *citoyen*."

The sedate gravity of the sentence was so quaint in that childish mouth that Revel laughed. "Where is he, your precious *protégé*?"

"At first he was in the *Maison Talaru*."

"Then why the devil didn't he stay there?"

"The charges were so high, *citoyen*, he could no longer pay them. He is now at the *Conciergerie*."

"It is a change for the worse; in fact there is only one other. Well, I will inquire into the matter and later you can come here for my answer. You can come on the fourth day from this."

"Four days?" she spoke more to herself than to him, sadly regretfully.

"What, not satisfied?" he inquired.

"It shall be the third day, then; *au revoir, citoyenne*."

II.

Once more Simone Duveyrnier sat in the green satin arm-chair. With the same sprigged gown and high-crowned black hat, she wore a white muslin *fichu*, and where it crossed on her breast she had pinned a spray of lilac. Paris had leapt into summer. Through the open window she could hear pigeons slumbrously cooing, and in the court below a child singing:—

Madame Vêto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris.

But the little room held no sound save the scratching of the *Conventionel's* pen. Jean Marius was finishing a letter.

Certain that their scrutiny would not be noticed, Simone let her eyes rest on the sardonic lines of his sallow close-shaven face. That face seemed to her like a mask, and she asked herself what it hid. A cat-like cruelty which took pleasure in prolonging her torment? She was not certain, indeed she felt certain of but one thing—that, moments having become immeasurable, time had ceased to be.

Jean Marius laid down his pen, leant back and stroked his square forelock. Between his fingers he could see that his visitor sat rigidly still, like a child who had promised to be good. Her delicate face was colorless.

"Citoyenne Simone Duveyrnier," he said, and his voice was harsh and deliberate, "I have made the inquiries of which I spoke; your indications are correct and your *protégé* is a man whom I am not unwilling to help. I even promise that barring unforeseen accidents, I will procure his speedy release, on one condition—that you promise to become my wife."

The eyes that met his were full of startled incredulous amazement. He could read nothing else in them, and he went doggedly on.

"I have no time for society or public places, I live like an anchorite. You belong to a family whose patriotism and respectability are beyond question, you have no parents, and a modest competence. My relations are also respectable, and well thought of at Angers where they live. I am not rich, the Republic gives me no leisure for my profession, but I can keep a wife in comfort. You are twenty-two and look younger, I am twenty-eight and look older. My political position is good and has, as you know, outlived more than one storm. I have enemies—who has not? But I have also friends."

He paused. Still the girl uttered no word.

"Shall I give you twenty-four hours to reflect upon it—or will you be brave and answer now?"

"Now—presently," she said in a whisper.

Rising, she went to the window and leant against the iron rail outside it, so that the man within could no longer see her face. High overhead the red roofs caught the sunshine and the sky glowed blue and hard like a great turquoise. The child had ceased to sing, but from the street came the harsh sing-song voice of a man crying "The complete list of the conspirators who have drawn a lucky number in the lottery of *Sainte Guillotine*. She listened, shivering. To-day he was safe. But to-morrow?

She stepped back, and instinctively Jean Marius rose and faced her. For an instant she regarded him in silence and he knew that he had seen just that look of rapt mysterious exaltation on the faces of women who were going to the scaffold.

She said: "Are your hands clean of innocent blood?"

It was this man's inveterate habit to jest when he was most moved.

So he answered: "I have not made my banker or my creditors sneeze into

the sack, or my old mistresses, or even my washerwoman, look through the national window. I have not knowingly denounced good citizens. I am not a 'Tape Dur,' but on the other hand I am no 'Radis,' red without and white within."

Whether or not she appreciated his frankness, his reply seemed to satisfy her.

"When you have procured the liberty of Citizen la Lucière, I promise that I will consent to marry you."

Thus did Simone Duveyrnier barter her life for another's.

Jean Marius bowed before her.

"I will visit you and your relations to-morrow," he said.

What he thought was: "Is it that she is a braver woman than the Corday, or is it that she loves the other with such a love?"

III.

When the Citizen la Lucière—on foot instead of riding at the national expense—left the Palais de Justice, he was met by a friend who took him through quiet by-ways, and across the river to a house where he could wash and change his clothes, a rare boon after days spent in one of the worst prisons in Paris. Already life had so far resumed its ordinary course that he had agreed to dine privately and quietly with Jean Marius Revel in his house near the church of St. Roch. The deputy having saved his life, such an invitation could hardly be refused, though the Marquis would fain have evaded it. He was to leave the city at daybreak.

Revel had strictly forbidden his *concierge* to admit any visitor, save one.

He might choose to offer an aristocrat hospitality, and thereby satisfy a singular and morbid curiosity, and yet prefer that even his best friends should not know how he spent that particular evening. *Homo homini lupus* was

indeed worth pondering in that second year of the Republic, and seventeen hundred and ninety-fourth of the Christian era.

His guest was ushered into the dining-room, which, like the adjoining study, looked on an inner courtyard. On the table there was cut glass and silver, and both men, while beginning their soup in silence, recalled under what different circumstances one had dined the evening before.

Jean Marius was determined that his dinner—a *sans-culotte's* dinner—should not want for sober elegance. He watched his companion closely, thirstily, hungrily. Was he not in some sense his rival with the young girl for whom he had conceived a fancy, more fantastic than passion, but no less violent and unreasoning? Now, according to the republican theory, all men of birth should be either odious or ridiculous, and La Lucière's appearance affected him like a slap in the face. For the Marquis was exceedingly handsome, and he was not even effeminate. He possessed features nobly regular, a warm pallor tinged with bronze, a person well-built, well-trained and stately, and a grand air so inbred that obviously no suffering, mental or physical, could subdue it.

"My faith, here is a fine *façade*," thought the deputy, "and any woman would fall down and worship it; but let us see if the inside corresponds to the outside."

Here again he was fated to disappointment. He tried by turns abrupt *bonhomie*, sardonic humor, brutal frankness, to find each feint parried by a calm reserve, a dignified affability. It angered him that it should be he who was nervous, overstrained, self-conscious, not the man who must feel himself to exist, as it were, on his host's sufferance.

He spoke of the Duveyrniers as "good people."

"Excellent people," responded the Marquis.

"Your family has for long been connected with them?" asked Revel.

"Old Gabriel is one of my earliest recollections; he lived near us at one time, in the country."

"You are lucky to have found so faithful an attachment, above all an hereditary one."

La Lucière was touched at last. His glance seemed a trifle less steady, his voice a little less assured as he answered:

"The Citoyenne Simone Duveynier has shown great courage and goodness of heart in helping her brother-in-law, young Ribot, to exert himself on my behalf."

Revel was bound by a direct promise not to inform the Marquis of the price which had been paid for his safety. Nevertheless he could not keep back the answer:

"You mean in directing him? she was the guiding spirit."

"She is her father's worthy daughter," responded the Marquis, who had quite recovered from his momentary embarrassment.

Jean Marius kept silence. He was saying to himself: "This man is your master. What does it matter that the law makes him incapable of holding any office, without the rights of a citizen, an outcast, the prey of any chance enmity? He was born a privileged being and he will die one. He has always had what you have desired; worse still, he is what you would fain be, and not content with that he takes from you the heart of the woman whom you are resolved you will have to wife."

"These stewed pigeons are excellent," remarked the Marquis blandly. He raised his head. The deputy's cook was furtively entering the *salle à manger*.

"Citoyen, that young person is here

whom you have received twice, the Citoyenne Duveynier, and she says—"

"Show her in," ordered Revel, cutting the woman short. He and his companion had hardly risen from their chairs before Simone was in the room.

Her face had a drawn blanched look. Scarcely glancing at La Lucière she addressed the deputy.

"There is a rumor that your enemies have triumphed, and Robespierre has ordered your arrest before nightfall. The street is being watched; a man who was standing on the further side followed me—"

"What kind of man?" inquired Jean Marius, outwardly unmoved.

"A big, brutal-looking creature."

"That is probably Duchène, one of Héron's bloodhounds. *Citoyen*," turning to his guest, "we have fortunately disposed of the pigeons, but I sincerely regret that our interview must be cut short. You will leave by a door in the court which leads into the garden of the adjoining *café*, and thence down a side alley will reach the Rue Honoré. You will act as escort to the *Citoyenne*, who in her turn will be your guide."

"But I have been seen coming here," said the girl; "I might attract attention."

"And on the other hand she will surely be safer without me," added the Marquis. "Most likely Robespierre has sent out a fresh warrant against me. I had best go alone."

"Everything is ready," said Simone, "Jules has started for the place agreed upon. *Adieu, monsieur*."

Her voice had a pitiful tremor in it which at once enraged Jean Marius and cut him to the heart. And yet he triumphed, as the Marquis, with the grand air, and murmuring a sentence which contained the words "eternal gratitude," bent and kissed Simone's hand. La Lucière had shown himself selfishly, callously indifferent to her safety; caring first for his own inter-

ests, he was leaving her in the charge of a man whom he could not look upon as a fit guardian.

When Jean Marius returned after conducting his guest as far as the courtyard door, she sat folding and unfolding the edge of the table-cloth. He fancied she might be in tears, but her wide open eyes were dry.

"You are right," he said, "the house is watched. But do not disquiet yourself, he will get off safely, and there can be no question of arresting you."

Her gaze, blank at first, became suddenly anxious.

"And you, what will you do?" she asked.

Jean Marius smiled. "They may arrest me, but I have documents in safe keeping which I look upon as my sure protection against anything worse. Every minute that you stay here compromises you. You must leave at once, openly as you came, and if any one questions you, say you were here to solicit a favor."

Leaning from the *salon* window he watched her walk down the street, saw her deliberately cross it, and pass by two men who stared insolently at her but did not speak.

"Ah, the brave child!" thought Jean Marius. Aloud he added, "There goes my dream. It was a pretty dream."

IV.

Jean Marius was a prisoner at the *Conciergerie*. It was as though he and the Marquis de la Lucière had changed places.

Like him, Jean Marius was among the aristocracy—of wealth—who at night occupied cells *à la pistole* instead of lying on straw in rooms close packed with miserable humanity. He found himself initiated into that strange life of the prisons, those places for the safe-keeping of bad citizens, which he had hitherto looked upon from the lofty

standpoint of one who helped to fill them. He was brought into close contact with men, and could watch women, who were cheerful and sociable, were careful of deportment and the fashions, who laughed and gossiped and sought amusement in what one of them has called "the ante-chamber of death." And Jean Marius marvelled, not knowing as yet that having reached a certain bed-rock of suffering, human nature rebels, from being hyper-sensitive turns callous, and having felt too much, feels nothing.

The first three days were as months. On the fourth he was summoned to see a visitor.

In the space between two gratings which formed the "parlor," knots of people were chattering more or less gaily. The visitors were almost all women, and his eyes rested on a fair girlish face framed in light brown curls and shaded by a wide-brimmed black hat. And just then Simone Duvoyrnier saw him, and smiled as he had never seen her smile.

He greeted her sternly: "What are you doing here? What brings you?"

"Citoyen, I thought you might perhaps like to hear the news of the day. But doubtless you have many visitors?"

He made an eloquent gesture of negation. She was ready with her budget of news, making the most of every item which could give him hope or pleasure.

Half heeding, he watched her face. Then listening more closely he realized that she was one by nature or grace a born consoler, made to pour balm into the sore hearts of others and bind up their wounds. The mere tranquillity of this fragile-looking being was in itself an encouragement, and her voice had a tenderness so nearly motherly that when he smiled at it his eyes grew dim.

"You are not alone?" he asked at last.

"I have come with a friend of mine who has a son here."

"It is a place for mothers, but not for you." He forced out the reluctant words. "Promise me you will never come again. You cannot wish to torture me with anxiety."

Thus Simone had no choice left her, and promised.

A certain small triangular-shaped yard was a favorite spot with the prisoners, its attraction being that it adjoined the women's court, and was only divided from it by a railing, so that the men could not only see the women, but could even exchange remarks with them. Here Jean Marius came daily directly his cell-door was opened, just as M. le Marquis no doubt had come before him. Here, leaning against the railing he could watch high-born women and girls pace the dirty flag-stones or stand at a fountain washing out their linen, shoulder to shoulder with the scum of Paris.

Little by little in this prison, where death was ever present, beckoning first one and then another, a mortal *ennui* and disgust of life took hold upon him. The curative daily excitement of expecting a summons before the tribunal was absent from his lot; his enemies had been warned, and he believed that they must needs spare his life and finally release him.

One breathless June morning, as he stood in the usual place, but staring apathetically into vacancy, he heard a man near by say: "Look at that little new one at the fountain. She must be very young."

Idly Jean Marius craned his neck to see the new one who was very young. He saw her. She had just stepped back to make room for another lady. She was wringing out a white *fichu*. To his dying day he remembered the gesture of those slender arms stretched out to keep the water from dripping on the girl's dress. Simone Duveynier

had become his fellow-prisoner. He turned away muttering curses on the *miserables* who had found out the weak spot in his armor. Simone was here because Héron's spy had seen her enter his house and had reported accordingly. Some one had inquired further and had conceived the ingenious notion that if they could not murder him they might at least put him to the torture.

After a while he returned to the railing and made signs to Simone as she went by, and saw her eyes grow radiant. She was the first friend he had had "on the other side." Being what he was he had few friends, since the "*gens comme il faut*" shunned him.

Henceforward that mortal *ennui* lost its grip. In the morning Jean Marius must be at his post and see the women prisoners make their first appearance. Simone, once in the court, there were a hundred things for him to note; those with whom she talked most and who seemed to befriend her (a turn in the wheel might come any day, and he be able to do them a favor); what Simone wore; she was not behindhand with the aristocrats—nor would he have had her so—who changed from the morning *négligé* to the mid-day full dress, and then again to the evening *deshabillé*; the alteration that suffering and confinement and poor food made in her, chiselling hollows in her cheeks, painting dark shadows under eyes which had learnt a new sadness. When he was wholly parted from her a haunting vision possessed him; Simone in the cart with her hands tied behind her, and that look on her face which he had seen there when she promised to become his wife.

The knowledge that on any morrow the vision might become a reality wrung from him bitter protests. It was monstrous, he told himself, that human beings should so torture their brethren. And like a corrosive acid the thought ate into his soul of all the men

and women whom he and his fellows had forced past the Stations of that Calvary, to the accompaniment of eloquent phrases concerning "the sacred rights of a free people."

Thus weeks grew to months and *Messidor* followed *Prairial*. On the tenth of *Thermidor* the grim gate of the *Conciergerie* opened to admit a little procession of distinguished guests; a small thin man with his jaw bound up in a blood-stained napkin; a handsome straight-featured dandy in pale gray and chamois color; a semi-paralytic propelled in a wheeled chair, and others. And when Jean Marius knew that the bolts had closed upon them, he knew also that his nightmare was ended, yet awoke from it almost painfully, like one who doubts the blessed reality of day. Simone was safe! For his own part, since his crime was a too courageous opposition of Robespierre, he was safe also. In this he was right, for the *Thermidoriens* did not forget him.

On a glowing radiant evening Jean Marius and Simone met for the first time, free and alone. They walked far down along the riverside and paused on a grassy slope. They had been silent for some minutes, when Revel asked an abrupt question: "Was I right about the Marquis?"

Simone understood him. "I think," she answered, "he hardly realized that I existed, but he had been the '*preux chevalier*' of my childish dreams."

"And he went away and left Andromeda to the Minotaur," said Jean Marius, whose culture was by choice classical. "Let us forget him. I want to tell you my plans for the new life that lies before me—you have tried to persuade me that a new life is still possible for me. I have had my fill of

politics. I will follow the counsel of a greater sage than Jean Jacques, I will forswear discussion and cultivate my garden. But since I have more turn for fighting than gardening, I shall obtain a lieutenant's commission and join the army in the field. If I have only harmed France by living for her, I may yet do better in dying for her. I look upon myself as one of those gladiators who cried *Morituri te salutant*, only I hail not Cæsar but the Republic."

He paused and glanced sidelong at his companion. The life and color which fresh air and freedom had brought back to her faded under her eyes. She said: "And what part have I in this future?"

He answered fiercely, "What do you take me for? Do you suppose I hold you bound by a promise extorted, forced? Should I think of tying your young life to a failure, at twenty-nine a poor lieutenant in a marching regiment? I will tell you the living truth. I will not prate of 'eternal gratitude'—what is gratitude between a man and a woman? I shall love you till my last hour."

The girl spoke in a vehement whisper, "Then I refuse to be thrust outside your life."

"Ah, Simone," he said, "is this pity or love?"

Simone was gazing at the river, watching the even flow that seemed to have grown strangely far away and misty.

"It is not pity," she said to the river.

Then did Jean Marius Revel forget wholly that he was *moriturus* and remember only that like the Christian poet he had passed through very hell, and had come out "to see again the stars."

Sidney Pickering.

THE HARVEST OF THE LONDON POOR.

Not the harvest of the golden autumn; not gleaners in the brown stubbles; not blackberrying in country lanes, sweet with honeysuckle and gay with the flowers of summer; not nutting in the hazel copses, nor searching for bilberries on the uplands among the purple heather; not fishing in the silent river that flows past meadows, woods and cornfields; not where the thrush sings, nor where the robin pipes his melancholy note; not in fresh air, nor under blue skies. Rather is it in the murky and prosaic streets of London, under the glare of gas-lamps and electric lights, within sound of the roar and traffic all day long and the hubbub of countless voices; in fog and winter weather, with glimpses of sunny days in the height of the season, it is true, but splashed with the mud of chariot-wheels.

Dependents, though not existing on mere charity, these harvesters mostly pay for their gleanings. There are exceptions, and very sad ones. Our gleaners are children of the slums and the gutter, and women striving for the bare necessities of life; women struggling to keep a roof over their heads, while endeavoring to grasp firmly their little bit of self-respect, which constantly threatens to escape them; women fighting hourly to hold their homes together. What though these homes are only miserable attics approached by ill-smelling passages and dismal stairways, yet are they consecrated by many a holy tie, many a sweet memory, just as sacred to their humble inmates as is the palace of the king to the king himself. Flocking to this harvest of the poor are women hampered by invalided or drunken husbands; women with husbands out of work or with husbands

who are tradesmen for whom there is employment only at certain seasons of the year, such as house-painters, dockers, river-porters, and the like. Some of these husbands are blessed with wives who can make a garret almost a paradise, compared with the efforts of too many of their slovenly and inept sisters. The New Woman is apt to sneer at Solomon's ideal woman; yet she was perfect in all the attributes of her sex; a splendid manager, an indefatigable worker. She did not write books or make speeches; but "in her tongue is the law of kindness." This is the *summum bonum* of her character; kind in word and in deed—that kindness which we find so strikingly illustrated among the poor; for they are ever ready to help each other, though the helpers are perhaps as much in distress as those they endeavor to succor.

It is possible every night in London, for the industrious housewife with a few pence to provide a supper and the next day's meals, and sometimes to have quite a menu in the way of fish and confectionery. Notwithstanding all that is done for its relief, there is bitter, grinding, hopeless poverty in the Metropolis—a poverty which asserts itself all the more pathetically when the winter draws near. Winter, which to the rich brings only a change of pleasures and a change of garments, comes laden with suffering to the poor; but the thrifty poor, the poor who fight Fate with clenched fists and untiring industry, have many privileges.

What I call "the Harvest of the Poor" is an institution carried on by many great food-providers in the various districts of London. Every night what are called "food-remainders" are sold; fish-mongers, who make it a rule

never to keep certain classes of fish over night; butchers, more particularly pork-butchers, who sell pork-rinds, trimmings and scraps; confectioners who clear out buns and stale pastry; while some restaurateurs begin the early morning with these clearances.

The average price asked by the pork butcher for a quantity of scraps is twopence. Among these scraps there are occasional pieces of sausage and rinds of tongue; all of which, if decently and intelligently treated, will furnish many a tasty dish. Given to any peasant woman in France, she would, with the addition of a little garlic and vegetable, concoct a stew or soup that would satisfy a gourmet. But, alas! if we ever possessed culinary genius in England, we have lost it. As a rule our cooking is a disgrace. An ordinary English household rarely gets beyond boiled mutton, a cabbage, an apple-dumpling; while a French *bonne* will dine well off what our British general servant throws away. At our London harvest of the poor a poulterer's odds and ends are more highly priced than either the fishmonger's or the pork-butcher's; they consist mainly of giblets, and fourpence will purchase enough to provide one or two families with soup.

Fishmongers sell for twopence what are termed trimmings, among which are bits of cod and other large fish, and in the herring season some of this poor man's fish. Summer being a difficult time for fishmongers to keep their goods, the harvesters get a better variety than during the winter; but there are always scraps to be bought for stews and soups. However, "first come, first served," is a law that holds good with both buyers and sellers, and those who arrive late at the sale are often obliged to return with empty bags to their expectant friends. If all our poor women fought poverty as some women do—making it a rule to have a clean room and as good cook-

ing as circumstances will allow—there would be fewer drunken husbands.

The cost of fuel is, of course, a most serious matter for the poor; in this requisite there is no "harvest" for them. They are obliged to spend their money in the dearest market, paying double the price charged to the rich, because they can only buy coal in meagre quantities.

Outside these supplies of cheap food to the poorest, London has many charities; but I am dealing with the poor who are too self-respecting to beg. I have before me a little group of children who came, with basket, bag and coppers to the gleaning. The scene is Bond Street, which is aglow with thousands of electric lights; its great shops, with their untold wealth of gems and gold and silver, bric-à-brac, costly furs, laces and embroideries, fruits and flowers, will soon be closing their shutters. The stately ladies who have thronged the street all day are no doubt changing their elaborate walking costumes for still more elaborate dinner-toilets. Bulky omnibuses from the City are carrying to their suburban homes the ever-growing army of toilers; and the little harvesters are waiting patiently near the fish-shop, with its fennel-garnished fish, its gleaming mackerel, its prawns and lobsters and weird john-dory, and its huge block of ice that looks like a fairy palace.

However calculated the picture is to attract sympathy, there is no apparent desire on the part of the children to solicit it. Across the road, some thirty youngsters are waiting outside the poulterer's for giblets. I notice a little group of three, who leave their fellows, and suddenly after a brief consultation, hurry away. I intercept them. One little chap, of about ten, is a typical waif and stray. He is scantily dressed; an apology for a cap is drawn tightly over his forehead. Evidence of hunger and misery is plainly

written upon his small, whimsical face; but his mouth has a humorous turn about it; he takes life as he finds it, and does not grumble. The other two are brother and sister. The sister is perhaps six years old. She is warmly dressed and wears a large black shawl, and when she forgets to lift it up the end trails upon the pavement.

"Why are you going away before the giblets are given out?" I ask them.

The little waif explains that they have come too late, as not more than twelve of the children, and those the first arrivals, will be served at all.

"Where have you come from?"

"From Chelsea," says the waif, who seems to have constituted himself the spokesman of the party.

"We have run all the way," joins in the little girl; not complainingly, but in a tone of delight. The night is dry, the air keen, the wind high; and a dance along the streets of London, between rows of gaily lighted shops, is evidently a treat to her.

"We comes Ivery noight—least nearly ivery noight," volunteers the waif.

"But this little girl does not come all that long way so often, surely?"

"No; this is Beryl's first toime."

"And I ain't got nuffink," says Beryl disconsolately, opening her bag, into which I drop some pennies.

"And what do you get at the pork-butcher's?" I ask.

"Pork-rinds mostly."

"Pork-rinds—and bits of tongue and sausage?" I suggest; but all three strenuously deny the tongue and the sausage. "What do you do with the pork-rinds?"

"Maikes 'em into collards 'ead an' soup."

"Is it good?" I ask, having a very vague idea of the ingredients used for "collards 'ead," yet knowing enough to be sure that pork-rinds would not suffice.

"Oi should rayver flink it was noice!" replies the waif with enthusiasm.

Wishing them "good-night," I give them a little present and watch them down the brilliant street. Each boy seizes a hand of the little girl, and they run away with her, all three laughing and full of merriment. Wondrous little stoics! indifferent to the present and to the future, their feet pressing the thorny path as if it were bestrewn with flowers.

Being anxious to ascertain what difference there might be between the little gleaners of the West End and those of an artistic neighborhood, I visited a well-known confectioner's situated in a region of studios, near the northwest district of London. It was a handsome shop, its windows filled with dressed tongues, croquets of veal-and-ham, many varieties of cakes and biscuits, boxes of sweets, and flat tins of caramels newly cooked.

The children waited in a small yard adjoining the shop; and here I found them on a damp winter evening. They were nearly all warmly dressed, and seemed well and strong, judging from the noise they were making, and from the assiduity with which they pursued certain games of hop-scotch and pitch-and-toss. Many of the girls had brought skipping ropes; and for the time being the usually sedate-looking little yard was transformed into a Board-school playground. Meanwhile sundry pale, thin little ones were closely herded together upon a few square yards of pavement, which, notwithstanding the humidity of the night, was dry, being situated just above the bakehouse.

I made several attempts at conversation, but the children were not to be drawn. They were very independent, and not too grateful for the nightly gleanings, for which they paid three-pence; and which, on inquiry in the shop I found to be no mere

"gleanings," but an abundant harvest.

"You must not take much notice of what the children say," said the genial lady manager, a gracious young woman, who was anxious to give me all the information she could. "They are notoriously ungrateful; if we gave them a sack of scraps they would not consider it enough."

"And what do you give them?"

"Three large loaves of bread and some stale buns and pastry; and when, as is frequently the case, we have an extra amount of confectionery, we absolutely give it away."

"Are the children who come very poor?"

"Some of them. There was a little girl here last month with a bag nearly as big as herself, and a hat that required seeing before one could believe there could be such a hat. It was of straw that had become limp through incessant wear and many wettings. I could not see her face; it was entirely buried in the hat, from which the rain dripped in disconsolate splashes. On my taking hold of it, in order to place it more comfortably on the little one's head, the hat literally fell to pieces in my hand. The next morning I bought her a cloth cap, which she is now wearing with great pride."

"Rather a pathetic incident came under my notice some years ago," the lady manager said when I pressed for some further revelations. "In a studio near here there lived a young artist. I knew him fairly well, because during his early days in the neighborhood he used to come in every day to luncheon, which is served hot from one o'clock. His gentle manners soon made him welcome to everybody, and there was a great deal of competition as to who should wait on him; which always amused me, as the service entirely depends upon which table the customer selects. After a while he came less

frequently, and then not at all; though we often saw him pass our window and go into an artist's color-shop some doors down. One day I met him in the street, and was quite startled at his haggard appearance. He stopped to speak to me, and remembered to ask how our new premises, which had just been opened in town, were prospering. I said we were sorry we never saw him at luncheon now; at which he smiled and said he took his meals at the studio of late. On parting he asked me to go and see his pictures. I did so; and then I realized that he was poor. The furniture was cheap and scanty, and there was no fire in the stove, though the weather was extremely cold. I noticed a small boy washing paint-brushes, and recognized him as a caller at the shop every evening for scraps. That night I watched him closely. When he had drawn the strings of his bag he hurried out of our place into the butcher's next door, where he bought twopennyworth of "block ornaments." I waylaid him at the corner of the street, and he confessed, with tears in his eyes, that his master had lived on such fare for three months. Binding him to secrecy, I added half a pint of soup to his gleanings. After this discovery I never allowed an evening to pass without putting something more solid than bread and pastry into the little one's wallet. The remembrance that I helped the painter to tide over a painful crisis in his career often cheers me. He is an A.R.A. now, and is married to a very pretty girl; our firm had the order for the wedding breakfast. He occasionally comes in here with his little boy, and he always has a kindly word and a smile for me. But he never knew!

"Oh yes; there is a great deal of poverty and suffering; and the poor don't take advantage of all the opportunities of relief which are offered them. For

example about eight years ago the Army and Navy Stores commenced to give away soup to the poor, who had only to carry it away with them. This charitable scheme was discontinued because the authorities could not get the soup taken away."

This last piece of information reminded me of an incident in my own experience. A wealthy young lady, whose life was devoted to good works, conceived the idea of making soup for the poor, very much as the philanthropic managers of the Army and Navy Stores no doubt, only that her plans, not being on so large a scale, probably enabled her to give soup of a better quality. Be that as it may, the concoction was delicious, flavored and cooked with the same care as if it had been destined for the mistress's own table. It was served in tin cans provided at her expense, and each portion was accompanied by a goodly slice of white bread. My friend's charity was discontinued owing to the constant complaints of the gardener, whose time was taken up in picking the bread out of the bushes, where it had been thrown by the "grateful recipients."

Among the busiest gleaners of the great city are the Little Sisters of the Poor. It is a common thing to see them on their excursions of charity with their cart, which is often driven by an old cripple from their Home. I visited one of their havens for the destitute, and found some two hundred and twenty old men and women happy and well cared for under their patient direction. The Reverend Mother herself showed me over the Home. Her face bore the impress of that exceeding peace of which we worldlings can form no idea. It was one o'clock and the aged household was eating dinner in the several refectories.

"The food nearly all comes from the big hotels," said the Reverend Mother.

"Sometimes we have forty carcasses of chickens at a time."

The stew which the old people were eating smelt delicious; it was made out of odds and ends from the restaurants. An enormous pan of Brussels-sprouts, cooked in a special way unknown, I fancy, to English methods, had just been taken from the oven and was still sputtering. These had been brought that morning from Covent Garden, where the Little Sisters had been to fetch them in the early hours. In the infirmary the blind and the lame, the sick and the paralyzed, were dining off chicken-broth, calves'-feet jelly and lemon custard, all daintily served and looking excellent.

"I wish you would send us a cook," I said jestingly to my escort.

"Our cooks are all French Sisters," she replied. "They understand the art of making the food tempting, and unless it were nicely prepared many of our poor old people would have no appetite for it."

I had thought that pan of Brussels-sprouts and the odor of the stew quite un-English. Though the gleanings were of the best, still they were only gleanings; and it required a master-hand to manipulate them into the present dainty dishes.

So far as I can ascertain, only Mr. Gardner, of Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, has adopted the custom of giving away the pieces left upon the plates after his clients have lunched. He practised this charity for sixteen years at his old restaurant in Fetter Lane, and now continues it at Red Lion Court, utterly disclaiming meanwhile to accept any credit to himself for the transaction. He is a kindly, sympathetic man. I believe that his old restaurant in Fetter Lane was a very interesting one; he had the quaint idea of christening each compartment with the name of a statesman.

"Do you know anything about these poor creatures who come for the food?" I ask him.

"Nothing whatever. We don't know where they come from nor where they go to. We ask no questions, and they volunteer no information. Of one thing alone we are certain; they are the poorest of the poor. It occasionally happens that a customer lays down some silver, with the request that their daily fare shall be supplemented. The other day a gentleman slipped five shillings into my hand, saying, 'Spend this on these poor creatures; not all at once; lay it out over a few days.' But come and see them, miss."

I did go. Nine miserable wretches were waiting at the end of the court. They were all men except three; and the aspect of these three women was even sadder than that of the men. Their clothes were threadbare and filthy, and their mud-bedraggled skirts made a more pitiful impression than even bare feet would have done. Here was sordid, blinding, degrading poverty. Men and women in want of food, bereft of everything that life can give.

What struck one most was their look of utter hopelessness; and of all things in the world this is the most sorrowful aspect to encounter. Hope is the beacon of the soul; and, once quenched, it is as if the soul were dead. In any case, there was no trace of good in the faces of those who flocked to this feast of Lazarus. For the most part

their countenances were terrible; bloated and coarse, prematurely lined with hardship and suffering, mouths with swollen and cracked lips, eyes that were never lifted to the sky. Years of unutterable agony had silenced their voices. These grim outcasts neither spoke nor looked at each other; they stood watching the extreme end of the court, where the restaurant stood. Indifferent to all that passed around them, each one seemed to be fulfilling a self-imposed duty. They might have been under the spell of some strict discipline, so motionless did they stand, with betrayal of neither eagerness nor impatience.

Presently a boy, holding a tray upon which were about a dozen packages neatly folded in a piece of newspaper, appeared upon the steps of Mr. Gardner's hotel. On the instant the waiting pensioners tramped down the court, each receiving a portion and passing out into Fleet Street.

"Only noine ter-day," remarked a red-cheeked youngster leaning against a doorway opposite, picking his teeth after a cheap but satisfying dinner; "gl'e us a bit o' the overplush. I ain't 'ad my dessert yet."

"'Ope you will get it one day," said the youth with the tray, who did not regard this feast of the hopeless in a humorous light.

Such is the "Harvest of the London Poor," tendered in mercy, reaped in thankfulness.

Bessie Hatton.

ART AND FREE WILL: TOWARDS A NEW CRITIQUE.

From the domestic critics of the humble modern novelist, who ask "Why don't you make your stories end more cheerfully?" "Why do you have such horrid people in your books?" through those others—or the same in a more public capacity—who think they "settle" Ibsen when they declare that all his personages are egoists and his lessons fatal; almost up to the supreme and magnificent Carlyle with his "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe;" you find running through the public mind the dominant belief that the author is master in his own house, and that the direction which his work shall take is altogether an affair of Will. But this is a false notion; and when the writers themselves share it—as too often they do—it is responsible for more disasters in their career than any other. It misleads all criticism too. And though that is a matter of much less consequence, it is a harm within our province, the province of the reading public to correct.

For the author—he I mean who has any dealings with literature—is not the master, "il n'est pas le maître," as the French say, which way his imagination shall turn. You may settle how you please—according to your theological tenets—who the Master is; whether he be one of the immortals, or only one of Ibsen's ghosts; if it be inspiration or inherited tendency that decides the matter. Will, in the common acceptance of the term, the pure *liberum arbitrium* of the theologians, is one of the smallest factors. Of course accident counts for much. I have never heard it argued that Darwin had a grovelling mind because he wrote a monograph on worms; nor that an entomologist is

necessarily "decadent" who studies the *coleoptera* more assiduously than the *lepidoptera*. Yet people always speak of original work in such a tone. If, for example, you suggest: "Possibly the meaner types of the middle class have made more impression on Ibsen's mind than any other." "Well, then, they should not have done," is your answer. There are those who count it a merit in Shakespeare that he could not draw a very life-like villain. This is mere foolishness; there can be no negative merit in the creator. The fact may argue that the gentle Will had an amiable mind, and perhaps a happy experience. But the contrary fact would have been no proof of a contrary disposition. It by no means implies an evil nature to be impressed by evil. You may—I beg pardon; I know that the Tudor writers would have said "you shall"—you shall lie in twenty clean beds and forget it; but one that is haunted by other tenants you will (or shall) not forget. And to accuse a writer because his unhappy experiences take creative shape in him, is to accuse Providence not less, which created the prototypes of his characters—"Hätte Gott uns anders gewollt, so hätt' er uns anders gemacht."

I have said that this false doctrine of Free Will is almost as prevalent among authors as among the critics of authors. The quotation taken just now from Carlyle no more than suggests it. But in Carlyle himself the idea was rampant. Nothing in Carlyle's theory was the proper subject for literature, but what might be either a text or the discourse thereon. Even so absurd and extravagant a doctrine could not extinguish the flames of one of the perfervidest imaginations which

have expressed themselves in the English tongue; but the doctrine everlastingly threw earthy matter upon Carlyle's genius, as clods are thrown upon a bonfire, and the flames burned fitfully. *Frederick* was undertaken to support a theory and preach a sermon; and before he had got to the end of it—if rumor speak truth—the biographer found out that Frederick did not support the theory of the inspired hero at all. "If I'd known what a blackguard he was I would never have begun it," the author is reported to have said. In sooth the best parts of the book have little to do with the third king of Prussia. They are either the mediæval history in the first volume—and this is quite beyond praise; only some parts of Michelet to compare with it in this kind—or the character of Frederick William, the father, who certainly was not willed by Carlyle to serve him as a text. Möllwitz and the rest of the battlefields may be very well done. But you do not want a genius such as Carlyle's for the description of fields of battle.¹ I doubt it was not so much theory as a fatal diffidence, too common with genius, which kept back Carlyle from writing what of all men he was fittest to undertake, a real history of England, or of the English folk; and left such a task to fall into the amiable hands of the late Mr. John Richard Green. Carlyle used always to say that there was no English history but Shakespeare's; and certainly there has been none since. Howbeit—though it sound a paradox—that very diffidence of a man of genius which I blame for our loss, springs as much as anything out of this doctrine of Free Will. It arises when men are not content to be natural, to say *aura, veni*, and follow their direct inspirations, as the Elizabethans did. *They*

¹ I mean in the military historian's sense. In the Tolstoin Borodino sense it is another question.

glanced from earth to heaven and chose the plots of their plays wherever they liked them, not troubled by doubts whether they were sufficiently posted up, nor by asking themselves if, after all, Jones of Trinity were not the proper man. . . .

It has been, perhaps, but a questionable good, that notion (a child also of the Free-Will theory, but the choicest child) that has made men set themselves apart to be poets. In modern days I mean; in the time of the troubadours, or of Dante, or again still earlier, in the Augustan age, literature, *belles lettres*, were so nearly identical with poetry that there was no harm done. I am thinking of modern instances; and even on them I should hesitate to pronounce a decisive opinion. Nature hath extravagant ways sometimes. And it may have needed rotary crops of *Peter Bells, We Are Sevens*, and the like, to prepare the ground for the golden produce of Wordsworth's great odes and sonnets. Tennyson was another of those pre-eminently set apart. For such there must always come fallow times, which, if they were like the rest of us, they might profitably occupy in writing essays or short stories in prose. But having set themselves apart to write poetry and nothing else, we get as the result those dreary passionless tales in verse—the right Tennysonian in his case—

Sir Aylmer's griffin weather-cocked the spire.

But, I have said, I cannot guess what may have been Nature's true design in such instances.

Besides, my hint is not to speak of the effect upon the authors of this doctrine of Free Will, but of its effect upon the critics, upon criticism. The first is the only matter of supreme importance; but the other is easier to deal with. And even this is not quite my

object; rather, to suggest the adoption of a new kind of criticism founded essentially on the opposite doctrine, whose task should be to search out the inevitable influences, those germs of sensibility and experience out of which the creative artists have fashioned their created work. By such a system we might get rid of the egoism of the critic, his "I like this," "I like not that," together with his eternal dogmatics "such and such is true art"—"to be of the first rank a work of fiction must contain humor as well as pathos," and similar foolishnesses—the whole *Quincunque vult* of critical dogmata, in fact, that have been senselessly repeated from generation to generation; we might be on our way to get rid of them all. In place whereof we should have to find room for a sympathetic imagination which would be in itself almost artistic, almost creative. And tentatively, I will pose this theory—as a workable hypothesis at least—that the most truly created among works of literature have been received in the first instance from without, more or less passively; that they have sprung from some germ of sense, some immediate impression on the senses; and can often be traced back to such. It would be in harmony with what we know of Nature's ways to think this—her evolution from the crystal to the (nondescript) plant, from the plant to the butterfly. (I am quoting from the covers of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Synthetical Philosophy*, with which [plural] I may claim to be familiar.) So, in the region of ideas, may there be a like evolution from the more material to the less. The *Divina Commedia*—we know it is said—took its origin from the sight of the pilgrims on the bridge over the Tiber in the year of jubilee 1300. And, to come to modern instances, Flaubert declared that he saw his novels always first as a mere patch of color; the mouldy stain

on a wall suggested *Madame Bovary*. *Salammbô* was written on a theme of purple. "Toute ma valeur c'est que je suis un homme pour qui le monde visible existe," said Theophile Gautier. I am not saying but that *le monde invisible* must exist also for your great creator. But I doubt that on a theory just the opposite of Gautier's—the plan of Shelley's poet, who does not know what the lake-reflected sun is illuminating, you will get little of that sort of workmanship which I call essentially creative. Poetical sentiment you may have, a vague musical pleasure like the sound of silver bells in the air, exquisite at its best; but not solid food for the literary senses to feed on continually. Even Maeterlinck seems to have something solid and material at the back of his creations—something solid, and nearly always the same thing; a tower by the sea-shore. And I am sure you never will (or shall) appreciate rightly *Endymion* if you take it is a mere beautiful rendering of a story which pleased the poet's fancy, and do not understand that it is penetrated throughout by the sensation—the mere physical sensation—of moonlight. All the soundless, the wide unfathomed spaces of the poem, are translations of that physical influence—

He began to thread
All courts and passages, where silence
 dead,
Roused by his whispering footsteps,
 murmured faint.

* * *

He sat down before the maw
Of a wide outlet, fathomless and dim
To wild uncertainty and shadows grim.

Such, above all, is that incomparable journey under the sea, flooded with green light to the palaces of Neptune. But of the moonlight, too, is the—I do not say the incompleteness, for that word is incomplete—but the beginninglessness, the endlessness, and in a sense formlessness, of the whole. How-

beit, to my poor thinking, *Endymion* is a creation in a pre-eminent degree; much more so than *Hyperion* (what we have of *Hyperion*), though that is maturer and constructed with a finer skill. If you read the first poem with the thought of its real genesis and germ, you will, I think, be of the same mind.

Faust is too complicated a subject and too dangerous ground; this seems a case to defer to "Jones of Trinity," at any rate, to Professor Dowden of the other Trinity. It is of the Second Part that I should most like to write. Professor Max Müller, in that poetical way of his, trying once to suggest how speech may have come to mankind, compared it to the timbre or tone of each material thing when it is struck, each having its separate timbre or note; it was as if each note had awakened a corresponding echo in the human speech-organs, speech-brain, or what not. Well, for me this Second Part of *Faust* is much the same thing; a naïve, an instinctive echo in verse of impressions of outward things. Chaotic I admit, as I think literature for the present—the best literature—is like to be chaotic, and inartistic in the old senses, till it discover new rules of art and new methods.

In simpler cases the germ for a considerable poem may be found in one stanza of it or one line only. Can any one question that the refrain "Our Lady of Pain" contains in it all the possibilities of *Dolores*; and that you will note is an impression received from without (and no disparagement thereby to the inward apprehension which fructified the seed); for the title of the Virgin, "Our Lady of Pain," was already there. *Maud*, it is known, grew up from the single stanza—

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

lines which contain the quintessence of the tragedy of the most tragic of possible stories. And not only that, but the verse contains the germ of the treatment of the story, if one is allowed to separate the body from the soul in that way. Without the exquisite, slightly halting line

To find the arms of my true love,

the whole thing might have been different. And without this germ-stanza at all—if *Maud* had not grown up in the way it did—we should perhaps have had in place of it (terrible thought!) a tale told after the fashion of *Dora* or *Aylmer's Field*. I would give a great deal, however, if we might eliminate the "once" from the last line of the stanza quoted. Thus may we, by searching, not only find the vital seed, but a still more vital point in the germ (in this case the line I have twice cited), the eye of the potato, the nucleus of the cell. And it would be a pleasant task to take, say, the earlier and more inspired of Tennyson's poems, such ones, I mean, as *The Vision of Sin*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Lotus Eaters*, etc., and trace in each the forming im- or ex-pression (for there are two sides of the same thing), and the most vital line or verse. I will not attempt that task here. But I will turn aside for a moment to note one little poem of the early series, which, if all else were lost, would be enough to secure for its writer a share of immortality. I mean *The Deserted House*. Out of the four first verses of that little poem there are but two that are vital—these—

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

Come away; no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.

The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

And as for the fifth and last, it jars with the whole spirit of the rest, and must have been put in as an after-thought for "edification." What is further interesting in these two verses is their analogy (quite an accidental, independent analogy I am convinced) with four couplets, different in subject, but of a like quaint intention in the second part of *Faust*, Faust's *Grablegung*:—

Wer hat das Haus so schlecht gebaut
Mit Schaufeln und mit Spaten?

Dir, dumpfer Gast in häßlichen Gewand,
Ist's viel zu gut gerathen,

Wer hat den Saal so schlecht versorgt?
Wo blieben Tisch und Stühle?

Es war auf kürzte Zeit geborgt;
Die Gläubiger sind so viele.

There is a third poem which may be put side by side with these two, for their two qualities of simplicity and movingness, Christina Rossetti's inestimable *Uphill*.

Of course, in longer poems or in plays, the vital part would not be easily discernible. The case would be more in analogy with that of novels—to go back again to the region of prose; and the true *causa causans* of these often lies outside the work itself and is consequently only traceable, when, like Flaubert, the writer takes us into his confidence. One novelist has told me that he generally sees his books first like a crowd of persons all pushing in different directions with diverse ideas and purposes. This, too—as I understand him—comes as a more or less direct "Intuition." He has a sense of the crowd; the individuals separate themselves afterwards. And with some writers whom we can only interrogate through their works the external im-

pulse may be detected. This is the case with Zola. The *halles* in *Ventre de Paris*, the hot-house, or perhaps rather Sicard's hotel as a whole, in *La Curée*, in *La Terre* it is simply *la terre*, and in *Germinal* the first scene of arrival at the mine gives the impression of the whole book. And the city of Paris—its streets, its music-halls, its taverns, its workmen's barracks—this is an obsession with our author everywhere. The case of this writer is analogous to that of Carlyle, in that he has hobbled himself to an abominable theory, but his genius has been able to fly notwithstanding. And as Carlyle left behind him upon earth his Charles Kingsleys and Tom Hugheses painfully dragging the load which could not fether him; so, on both sides of the Channel, you find the authors who thought they could be saved, through industry and documents; a tragic sight. And you will see how *terre à terre* they are from the very fact that the determination to write on this or that subject is so much more obvious in them than any inspiration from the subject chosen.

For of course this test which I have suggested, this new evolutionary *critique* will have its exclusive side. I do not know how some of our young poets will bear it; for their works seem to me made up of vague melody of a Keatsian or a Shelleyan—or upon occasion a Wordsworthian—kind, precisely without visible signs of the outward impulse, the kernel of sensuous experience. But heaven forbid that I should apply the test myself; seeing that with us the irritable race in numbers make up almost a regiment.

Be it remembered, all this second theory of the sensuous kernel, the seed of nucleus in created work, is but a hypothesis. It, in its turn, is the seed of a seed; only one aspect of a wider inference. Whether it be accepted or no, whether or no it bear the test of

experience, that question invalidates in no way the use of that kind of criticism for which I am pleading, one concerned much more with the causes of and the impulses towards this or that form of art than with the individual tastes of the critic, and concerned scarcely at all in measuring the new work by the standard of some bygone achievements which may have been produced under impulses that no longer exist. Of all futilities of criticism that in which writers such as Mr. Mallock and Mr. Lilly seem to delight strikes me as the most futile, occupied as it is in proving that the "ages of faith" have produced a better art than ours. And if this be so, what then? Can we leap into a different century? Or do these critics seriously suppose that a man by an act of will can say, "I will believe, *then* I shall be a great poet?" Could they show that the schools of orthodoxy to-day produced finer work in this kind than comes from the sceptics, there might be some point in this sort of criticism. Though, even then, I scarce know what the practical deduction would be.

I have said that this historical or evolutionary criticism would be exclusive. It must not be supposed that it would accept everything which called itself literature or art. On the contrary, it would, I believe, give us the

best criterion for separating what is real from what is merely imitation. And it would teach us in time to see what are the true impulsive forces in our age. I guess, for one result, that it would show us that the germinating powers are not just now strong in those nations, such as ourselves and the French, who have a long literary tradition behind them; that they are far more vivid in the Northern nations, among the Russians and Scandinavians. It has been my lot to read during the last two or three years a certain number of the younger Norse and Danish novelists and playwrights—Pontoppidan, Hamsun, Obstfelder, Helge Rode; not to speak of Thomas Krag, who is not quite so much "in the movement," but has an inspiration of his own. And of course we all know the elder Scandinavians and the best known of the Russians. In the smallest and greatest among these Northerners there seems to me to lie that capacity for waiting for and welcoming the true outward impulse which our journalism-modelled literature has all but lost. And you do not find much trace of it in French literature either. There, as here, the inspiration is of quite a different kind, it is Pistol's inspiration to "convey" from some great work or body of writing already achieved.

C. F. Keary.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE BREAKFAST STATE OF MIND.

The bacillus has entered upon a new era of activity. The "Lancet" has made the timely discovery—timely, because the penny post has now been a national institution for sixty-two years, and because if it is really an institution dangerous to the health of the nation, clearly no occasion could have

been more opportune for drawing attention to it than last week—that disease and death lurk in the morning postbag. You do not know, that is, where your letters may have come from, or who may have sent them, or what letters they may have rubbed corners with in the pillar-box or the post office; conse-

quently they are highly unsafe things to have brought into the house. Above all, you must not open or read them at breakfast-time, when they usually arrive. If you do that, it is practically certain that a bacillus of a peculiarly dangerous breed will come out of the envelopes sent you, and will settle in your coffee or your butter, or will crouch in an expectant manner in your bacon and eggs; and that being so, you may take it for granted that sooner or later you will be attacked by a disease which you might easily have avoided by having no letters sent you. The only objection to the "Lancet's" discovery seems to be that people who do not get letters at breakfast-time appear to be subject to quite as many diseases as those who do, which it is difficult to understand.

A correspondent of the "Daily Mail," whose state of mind, in contemplating the "Lancet's" discovery, may perhaps best be described as one of resigned horror, raises a point which deals not so much with the hygienic side of the question as with the effect which he thinks the banishment of the morning postbag will have upon the morale of the breakfast-table. "Everybody knows," he writes, "that breakfast is the most trying meal of the day. People are often only half awake, liable to be irritable, and averse from conversation. The reading of one's letters and the newspaper has often saved the situation and prevented many an acrimonious conversation. But I suppose we must, in the interests of health, abandon these practices and take refuge in a stony silence." The suggestion is sufficiently saddening. The curtain rises, so to speak, upon two or more persons seated at a table at nine in the morning, confronted with various kinds of foods, for which they may or may not feel a desire, and each in his or her peculiar "breakfast state of mind." To these enter a postman carrying a number of

letters. Instead of being allowed to "save the situation" by presenting the irritable and taciturn with something to interest them, he is met at a half-opened door by a footman or parlor-maid, suitably protected by an apron soaked in disinfectants, the contents of the postbag are hurried off to be fumigated or sterilized, and the assembled breakfasters are left either to indulge in "acrimonious conversation" or to glare at each other in "stony silence."

The melancholy picture suggests one or two interesting questions. Why is breakfast "the most trying meal of the day?" Why are people irritable at breakfast and disinclined to talk? Is it possible, perhaps, that there already exists a particular breakfast bacillus, which thrives in the presence of bacon, coffee and buttered toast, and which attacks everybody who comes into the room where it lives, with a varying effect upon different constitutions? For the breakfast state of mind varies with different persons. There are several distinct classes into which the prevalent symptoms seem to fall. People do not behave in the same way at breakfast as at other meals, and though at dinner their moods may be practically indistinguishable—the states of mind of diners, that is, do not greatly vary—at breakfast they conduct themselves as differently as possible. There are some people, for instance, who are in offensively high spirits early in the morning; in a state of health, in short, which really is rightly described as rude. You can hear them coming downstairs, no matter how far the stairs are away from the dining-room, after slamming their bedroom doors with a resounding bang. They open the dining-room door as if they were pursued by a policeman, and probably slap their male friends on the back in an extremely provocative manner. During breakfast itself, while consuming great quantities of all kinds of food, they comment loud-

ly on the small appetites of others, and insist upon drawing the attention of those who clearly wish to eat very little to the presence of everything which is edible in the room. They appear to be perfectly unconscious of the amount of suffering which their splendidly healthy habits inflict upon other persons of less robust constitutions, and are only able to suggest, in answer to possible complaints of a headache, that the complainant should resort to the particular dishes of which they have themselves eaten, and which they invariably describe as "quite excellent."

If the frame of mind of the rude and boisterous breakfaster is one extreme, the other extreme is the mental state of the man who goes through the meal in a condition of profound depression. He glances vaguely and uncomprehendingly at a succession of dishes, eventually taking the smallest possible amount of the dish that is easiest to get on with. He does not speak unless some one speaks to him, when he either answers shortly and sadly, or, more often, with obviously forced merriment and inconsequent laughter. Or—and perhaps this variant of the breakfast state of mind is a more striking antithesis to the rudely boisterous—his unbalanced mental attitude may be one of suppressed fury. Men have been known who every morning of their lives hold a kind of review of their acquaintances and friends, and in some cases of those whom they employ. They occupy the breakfast hour in passing, so to speak, down the front and rear ranks, and in trenchantly summing up the habits and qualifications of every man reviewed, ending in each case with the verdict that "he is an ass." Probably he is nothing of the kind; later in the day, indeed, he may become endowed with all the virtues, but from eight o'clock in the morning until ten he possesses for the furious breakfaster

no characteristics except those of the idiot, or, in exceptional cases, of the professional robber. Of course, between the extremes of the rudely boisterous and the profoundly depressed or trenchantly furious breakfast states of mind there are others less definite. The curious case came under the observation of the present writer of a man who, although in every respect temperate and healthy, did not find himself able to breakfast until every one else had finished. He was accustomed to get up at the same time as every one else, but knowing that others staying in the same house were breakfasting in the ordinary way downstairs, he would pace up and down his room waiting until a footman, specially instructed, brought in the news that breakfast was over. He would then enter the dining-room with an excellent appetite, which, however, failed him completely should any fellow-guest by chance return to the room. But nothing, in any case, exhausted his patience; if it happened that a late riser remained at the breakfast-table half an hour longer than the rest, he accepted the situation with complete equanimity; nor, upon any consideration, would he consent to breakfast in his own room, or anywhere except at a deserted table.

There are other and more or less comprehensible states of mind; as, for instance, the dislike which some persons have of watching other people eat porridge; the unhappiness which possesses some breakfasters, usually journalists, unless they are allowed to walk up and down the room in silence; the extreme difficulty which some men find in breakfasting in a room in which there is a looking-glass; and the strange mental condition which, at whatever time they may happen to come down to the dining-room, impels some persons to but one desire—namely, to get the thing over as soon as possible. "Early or

late, winter or summer, work or holidays, two damns and a cup of coffee—that's my breakfast," was the succinct comment of one who invariably began the day in a quite unnecessary hurry.

If Englishmen were not Englishmen the meeting of the household at the breakfast-table would have ceased to be a custom long ago, or rather the custom would never have existed. The Frenchman, recognizing that many persons are not at their best early in the morning, refuses to meet his fellows at

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a meal until mid-day. The Englishman seems to insist, although as an individual he does not always like it, that everybody shall wake up early and get up early, and to get that done properly he makes everybody eat early and together. The consequence is the breakfast state of mind; as to which it is satisfactory to think that there is really no moral of any kind whatever to be drawn, except possibly that, like other things for which the Englishman suffers, he brings it on himself.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is announced that Bret Harte had practically completed a new series of "Condensed Novels," so that we shall have a posthumous work from his pen. Kipling, Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle are among the authors parodied.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford wishes it to be known that he had no idea when he accepted the commission from Mme. Bernhardt to write his play, "Francesca da Rimini," that d'Annunzio and Mr. Phillips were at work on the same theme.

King Oscar of Sweden, who is one of the literature loving and to some extent literature making sovereigns of Europe is reported to be engaged upon his memoirs, which should possess a good deal of political as well as literary interest.

The Dean of Winchester announces that the memorial at Otterburn, where Miss Yonge lived and worked all her days, is to be a chancel screen in the parish church; and that in the cathe-

dral a new reredos is to be erected to her memory in the Lady Chapel. The memorial fund now amounts to nearly \$3,000, but about \$2,000 more will be needed.

The announcement of the forthcoming publication of "a new work by John Milton" is at first rather startling. The work is entitled "Nova Solyma; The Ideal City of Zion, or Jerusalem Regained," and its discoverer, the Rev. Walter Begley, is confident as to its authenticity. It is in prose and verse, and is believed to have been begun by Milton when a student at college.

Sir Walter Besant, in his autobiography gives the following good advice to beginners in literature:—

"I would urge upon everybody who proposes to make a bid for literary success to do so with some backing—a mastership in a school, a Civil Service clerkship, a post as secretary to some institution or society; anything, anything rather than dependence on the pen, and the pen alone."

A biography of the elder Dumas, by Mr. Arthur F. Davidson, is nearing completion and will be published this year, in London. It will include an elaborate bibliography, with an arrangement of the novels in their historical sequence, and an indication of the period of French history to which each refers.

Lord Curzon is the author of the following simple lines which have been engraved on the memorial tablet erected by him in the Cathedral at Calcutta, to the memory of the members of the Indian Volunteer contingent who died in South Africa:—

These sons of Britain in the East
Fought not for praise or fame,
They died for England, and the least
Made greater her great name.

If any one may be permitted to speak with a certain tone of authority upon "Training the Church of the Future" it should be Dr. Francis E. Clark, for so many years the head of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in which some millions of young people have received a certain measure of this kind of training. Dr. Clark's volume bearing this title contains a series of lectures delivered for the special purpose of illustrating the possibilities of Christian training through organizations of the "Christian Endeavor" type. The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Bret Harte's last volume of short stories, published only a few days before his death, bears the appropriate title "Openings in the Old Trail" and justifies it by the reintroduction of such familiar figures as Jack Hamlin and Col. Starbottle. The stories are of the old type, picturesque, vivid, and cynically humorous, and to the reader who is a bit jaded with problem novels and historical romances, undeniably refreshing. Fully to enjoy these gamblers and adventuresses may require

a temporary suspension of ethical standards, but, that once accomplished, one cannot fail to find the tales diverting. The element of surprise is strongly marked in all of them, producing sometimes a humorous and sometimes a tragic effect. They are as fresh and virile as the author's earlier stories, and Col. Starbottle was never more striking than in his appearance "For the Plaintiff" in this volume. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There seems to be some uncertainty regarding the one romance of the poet Whittier's life. According to Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, who certainly should know, the original of the poem "Memories" was not Miss Cornelia Russ, to whom Whittier addressed the letter recently printed in "The Century," but was a distant relative of Whittier's, who died several years ago as the widow of Judge Thomas of Covington, Kentucky, but whose maiden name was Mary Emerson Smith. Up to the time of her marriage, Whittier, who had attended the academy at Haverhill with her, wrote to her frequently, but in a brotherly tone. The "hazel eyes" and "brown tresses" of the poem belonged to her and not to the Hartford lady.

In "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" Charles Major has written a story which will not disappoint the host of readers who have been eagerly looking for another by the author of "When Knighthood Was In Flower." Its scene laid in the sixteenth century, with the Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart in the background, and at the front a high-spirited, dashing young beauty, in love with her father's hereditary enemy, its plot could hardly fail of picturesque and startling complications. The generous length of the book, too, allows room for an abundance of lively dialogue,

and for an artistic display of the accessories which are becoming so important a factor in fiction of this sort. Especially interesting, from the historical standpoint, are the incidents which illustrate the extent of parental authority in a period not so very remote from our own. The Macmillan Co.

Frances Charles's novel, "In the Country God Forgot," is a tragic story of Arizona life as seen through the eyes of the women who share its arid desolation. It is written in a style picturesque, terse and epigrammatic almost to the point of artificiality, but never dull; it is full of striking, quotable bits of description or incident; there is a pretty little romance between two of the minor characters which is artistically used to relieve the general sombreness of effect; and the plot—in which the hard old German who controls the water-rights of the region plays the part of villain, while the hero is his son, banished from home for opening the big gates to let the crowds of dying cattle in to drink from his troughs—is ingenious if over-complicated. But the story makes its strongest appeal to the reader's sympathies in the person of little Don, in whose claim to the Weffold property its interest culminates. A more charming child-picture it would be hard to find. Little, Brown & Co.

The name of the author of "An On-looker's Note-Book" (Harper & Bros.) does not appear upon the title-page, but the statement that he is the author of "Collections and Recollections" identifies him at once as Mr. George W. E. Russell. For that matter, both the style and subject-matter of these entertaining papers would have furnished means of identification, for who can gossip more pleasantly than Mr. Russell, or who has a wider range of experience, anecdote and literary, politi-

cal and personal memorabilia to draw upon? There are forty or more chapters, each of about the convenient length say, of a "Spectator" article. They were indeed first published in the "Manchester Guardian," gaining thereby a certain freshness and directness without losing anything of their literary quality. This is a good book to open anywhere. It is characterized by shrewdness, good humor and good sense, and is a perfect treasure house of good stories and witty reflections. Its humor preserves it from heaviness, and its fund of information keeps it from triviality.

An element of timeliness closely approximating what the reporters describe as "news value" is imparted to Mr. John Corbin's "An American at Oxford" by the conditions of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's bequest, under which, when fully operative, one hundred American students, more or less, will be regularly sustained at Oxford by the great "promoter's" foundation. The news of the bequest arrived just in season to enable Mr. Corbin to make mention of it in his preface, but the book itself was all in type at the time. Parts of it, indeed, had been published months or years before in various magazines. We have in this book a combination of personal experience with thoughtful reflection upon educational problems and conditions; vivid pictures of undergraduate life, from the athletic and social as well as the intellectual point of view, mingled with estimates and comparisons of American, English and German college and university life. We do not know a book which gives a clearer view of present-day conditions of Oxford life, and for American readers the fact that the point of view is American must enhance both the value and interest of the volume. There are a number of illustrations. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE MOUNTAIN.

I hold above a careless land
 The menace of the skies,
 And in the hollow of my hand
 The sleeping tempest lies;
 Mine are the promise of the morn,
 The triumph of the day,
 And parting sunset's beams forlorn
 Upon my heights delay:
 There longest, loveliest rests each
 fleeting, fading ray.

Many a little blue-eyed lake
 Around my footstool sleeps;
 Above a thousand torrents break
 From purple-shadowed steeps,
 And foaming down my rugged side,
 With shouts of baby glee,
 They hurry to yon scarce-described,
 Far-off, faint-calling sea,
 And mix their tiny rills with its im-
 mensity.

But, oh! the beauty of the night!
 The silver silent hills!
 When billowy vapor, ghostly-white
 The nearer valley fills;
 And rising from that gray lagoon
 Each bare and flinty spire
 Lifts its wan forehead to the moon,
 That with a like desire
 Kisses that pallid brow and crowns
 with fairy fire.

The mountain goats securely leap
 About my perilous ways;
 There sometimes a bewildered sheep
 From safer pasture strays,
 Whom faint from devious wander-
 ings
 The questing raven spies,
 And blinds her with a whirr of
 wings,
 And frights with savage cries,
 Till in some lost ravine the unhappy
 truant lies.

Yea, awful is my giant form
 When midnight winds awake,
 And 'neath the chariot of the storm
 The darkened ridges shake,—
 They shake, they bow before his
 wrath,
 The trembling forest bends,

The rocks are cloven in his path,
 The eternal granite rends,
 And through the rift it made the thun-
 derbolt descends.

With rush of blinding showers that
 sweep
 The stars out of the sky,
 With spirit voices chanting deep,
 The heavy night goes by;
 Till glad as he who wakes at last
 From demon-haunted dreams,
 When all those clamorous hours
 have passed,
 The joyous morning beams,
 And from my swollen falls a living
 rainbow gleams.

In chattering swarms the starlings
 crowd:
 The eagle is alone.
 Remote I dwell behind the cloud
 That veils my rocky throne:
 Thence, while the circling seasons
 fleet
 On swift and silent wing,
 I watch unwearied earth repeat
 The miracle of spring,
 And o'er my barren slopes a flowery
 mantle fling.

And they that from your towns are
 led
 To seek my solitude,
 Their souls by angel hands are fed,
 And with immortal food;
 For though my chaste, unbruised
 breasts
 Nor wine nor honey yield,
 Yet whoso in their shadow rests
 With eyes and heart unsealed,
 To him my tale is told, my secret
 charm revealed.

Edward Sydney Tylee.

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RETRIEVER'S EPITAPH.

Such was my dog, who now without
 my aid
 Hunts through the shadow land, him-
 self a shade;
 Or, couched intent before some ghostly
 gate,
 Waits for my step, as here he used to
 wait.

R. C. Lehmann.